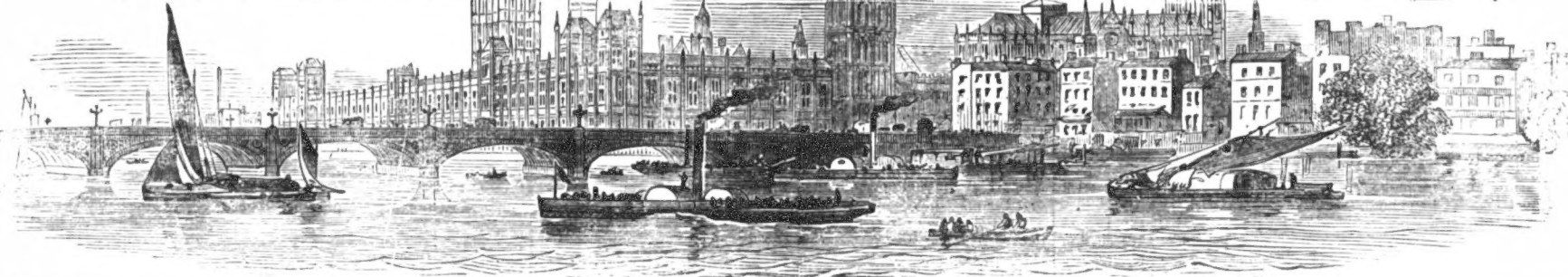


THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 14.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP
AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

ONE PENNY

INSTALLATION OF KNIGHTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

On Saturday the 29th ult. her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Louise and the principal ladies-in-waiting held a special reception at Windsor Castle at three o'clock, when the following Knights Grand Cross were severally introduced into the presence of the Sovereign by the Lord in Waiting, attended by Mr. Albert W. Woods (Lancaster Herald), Registrar and Secretary of the Order, bearing the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross upon a crimson velvet cushion, and invested by her Majesty with the ribbon and badge of the Military Division of the First Class:—

Lieut. General Sir John Lysaght Pennefather, Admiral Sir Charles Howe Fremantle, Major General Sir Archdale Wilson, Bart., Lieut. General Sir Edward Lugard, General Sir John Aitchinson, General the Hon. Sir Charles Gore, and General the Marquis of Tweeddale.

The following Knights Commanders were then in like manner severally introduced to the presence of the Sovereign and received the honour of knighthood (except Vice Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, who had already received that honour), and invested by

her Majesty with the insignia of their respective divisions in the Second Class of the Order:—

Vice Admiral Henry John Codrington, Vice Admiral J. Nias, Vice Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, Lieut. General Edmund Finucane Morris, Lieut. General Peter Edmonstone Craigie, Lieut. General John Bloomfield Gough, Lieut. General George Lockwood, Major General Maurice Stack, Major General Edward Green, Lieut. General George Brooke, Vice Admiral Thomas Matthew Charles Symonds, Major General George Bell, Inspector General of Hospitals and Fleets David Deas, Lieut. General Thomas Holloway, Captain Sir William Saltonstall Wiseman, Bart., R.N., Lieut. General William Bell, Lieut. General John Bloomfield, Lieut. General Anthony Blaxland Stranham, Major General William Bates Ingilby, and General William Thomas Knollys (Civil).

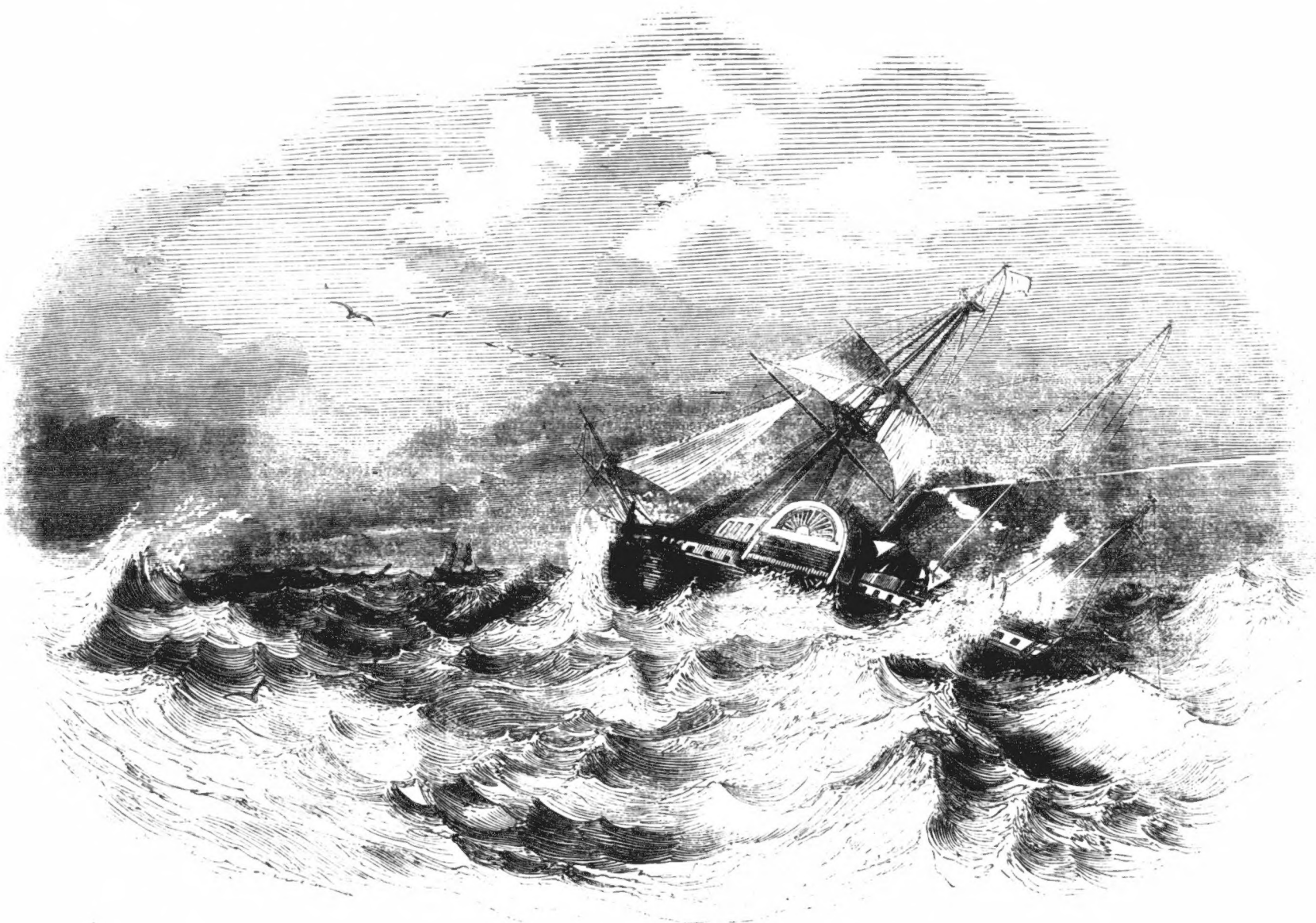
The Queen was attended by Lady Churchill (Lady in Waiting), the Earl of Bradford (Lord Chamberlain), Lord Raglan (Lord in Waiting), Major General F. Seymour, C.B., (Groom in Waiting), and Lord Alfred Paget (Equerry in Waiting).

Luncheon was served in the dining-room previous to the ceremony.

A SKETCH IN CORK HARBOUR.

THE City of Cork and its beautiful harbour has always been familiar to us by name, and the many Fenian arrests which have recently taken place there on board English and American vessels has given it still greater notoriety of late; hence the sketch which we have given on page 312. The harbour is situated about eleven miles below the City of Cork, where the River Lee discharges itself into a spacious land-locked basin, capable of containing the whole of the British Navy. Its excellence has been the cause of the commercial prosperity of Cork. During war, it has generally been our great naval station, and the place of refuge for outward-bound convoys. The trade with America, Portugal, and from the Mediterranean and Baltic, also Bristol, Liverpool, and London, is very considerable.

The final interchange of the ratifications of the treaties of friendship, commerce, and navigation between the Italian and Hawaiian kingdoms, by the respective plenipotentiaries, the Marquis D'Azeglio and Sir John Bowring, took place at the Italian Legation on the 3rd inst.



PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY'S STEAMER IN THE LATE GALE CROSSING THE BAY OF BISCAY. (See Page 217.)

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, Mr. Disraeli, in reply to questions, stated that the Irish Reform Bill was in preparation, and that the bill for Scotland would be introduced as soon as "some progress" had been made with the English bill in committee. In reply to a question from Mr. Darby Griffith, Lord Stanley said he had reason to expect that the Congress on the Luxembourg question would meet "at a very early date."—Mr. Trevelyan moved a resolution declaring that the purchase system in the army "tends greatly to diminish the efficiency of our military force."—Colonel Sykes seconded the motion; which, after a discussion in which Sir John Pakington, Lord Hartington, and several of the military members of the House took part, was lost by a majority of 41.

On Wednesday, Mr. R. B. Sheridan moved the second reading of the Railway (Guard's and Passengers' Communication) Bill.

THE TURNPIKE TRUSTS BILL.

After some discussion, in which Mr. Huggessen, Lord Henley, Mr. Henley, Mr. Beach, and Mr. Knight took part, the bill was read a second time, and referred to a select committee.—On the order of the day for the second reading of the Public-houses &c., Regulation Bill, Mr. Graves, who had charge of the bill, stated that within the last three days he had received an intimation from the Government of their intention to oppose it, inasmuch as it affected the taxation of the country. Under these circumstances, and feeling great difficulty as a private member in dealing with the question, he had no alternative but to withdraw the bill.—The bill was then withdrawn.—Mr. McKenna moved the second reading of the Promissory Notes (Ireland) Bill. A discussion ensued, which turned in a great measure on the general currency law, and on a division the bill was thrown out by 70 to 46.

In the House of Lords, on Thursday, the Earl of Derby, in reply to Earl Russell, said renewed exertions had been made by the neutral powers to preserve peace, and the King of Holland had been induced to propose a conference.

The Commons went into committee on the Representation of the People Bill, resuming at clause three, which is the clause relating to the borough franchise.—Earl Grosvenor, who had an amendment on the paper to substitute a £5 rating for household suffrage, said he believed that it would be useless now to propose that franchise.—Mr. Ayrton moved an amendment to that part of the clause which requires a residence of two years. He moved that "twelve months" be substituted. Practically the provision of the bill would require a residence of two years and four months, which was longer than was required under the Municipal Act.—Sir J. Pakington agreed that there was no principle in this provision, but the government could not adopt the amendment.—A long and animated discussion followed, in which Sir R. Palmer, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Bass took part, the committee divided, and the question that the words in the clause stand part of the bill was negatived by 278 to 197.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then stated that after the decision which the committee had arrived at it was not within his power, without consulting with his colleagues, to proceed with the bill, and he therefore moved that the chairman report progress.—Mr. Gladstone said the Chancellor of the Exchequer having declared that the matter required the consideration of himself and his colleagues, it was quite impossible for the House to go on with the bill.—The motion was then agreed to.

In the House of Lords, on Friday, several bills were forwarded a stage.

In the House of Commons, on Friday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer took the opportunity of stating the views of the Government in reference to the vote of the previous night in committee on the Reform Bill, reducing the residence required of the voter from two years to one. That provision, he said, was intended to insure the locality of the voter. The government, however, did not think it inconsistent with their duty to defer to the opinion of the House.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Mr. Moncreiff, said a bill had been prepared for Scotland, and with regard to the borough franchise it would be identical with that of England.

Mr. Walpole obtained leave to bring in a bill for the more effectually and better securing the use certain royal parks.

The House of Lords met on Monday, but the sitting was brief, and the proceedings purely formal.

In the House of Commons, the Committee on the Reform Bill was preceded by a discussion on the Dillwyn-Taylor negotiation, by Mr. B. Osborne, who, insisting that the document which he had read in the House was literally accurate, called on Mr. Dillwyn to produce the original memorandum.

Mr. Dillwyn refused to do it at the instance of Mr. Osborne, whom he accused of want of courtesy and fairness.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the Cabinet, having considered Mr. Hubbert's amendment, as he had promised, had decided that they could not agree to it in its present form, but they had authorised him to propose amendments by which the compound householder, in addition to the facilities he would enjoy for getting on the register, having paid the full rate, would be entitled to deduct it from the landlord's rent. In explaining this amendment he argued that the compounder's rent was made up of three elements—the rent proper, the compounded rate, and the bonus to the landlord for collecting it, and, as a general rule, the compound rate and the bonus added together would make up the full rate, so that, in fact, the compound householder, as had been pointed out by Mr. Gladstone and Sir R. Palmer, did already pay the full amount of rate in his rent. Thus, the plea of a fine on the compounder was disposed of, and, as to the landlord, as he would be relieved from his guarantee of the rate and the trouble of collecting it, there could be no fine on him. This clause, and another repealing the third section of Sir W. Clay's Act—but saving existing rights—would come in after clause 34, and when clause 3 was disposed of he proposed that the intervening clauses should be postponed so as to complete the whole subject of the borough franchise before going further. In answer to Mr. Gladstone and Sir R. Palmer, Mr. Disraeli added that there would be no difference made in the position of the old compounder under the actions 1 and 2 of Sir William Clay's Act, and that the deductions to be made by a compounder would be continuous, and not confined only to the first year.

Mr. Bright suggested that the clause should not be taken into consideration until it was printed,—speaking hopefully of the prospect of an agreement being arrived at,—and urged the Ministerialists to allow Mr. Disraeli to go just one step further, to which Sir Knightley rejoined that the Government had gone too far already.

On clause 3 Sir R. Palmer moved the omission of the words which make it necessary that the new voter shall be an "inhabitant" occupier, which was supported by Mr. Gladstone and Sir R. Collier; but, being opposed by Ayrton, Mr. Clay, Mr. Headlam,

and other gentlemen on the Opposition benches, Sir R. Palmer ultimately withdrew it.

The "Lodger Franchise" was then moved by Mr. McCullagh Torrens; the lodger to be admitted being defined by Mr. Torrens as one who has occupied during the 12 months preceding any January day lodgings being part of a dwelling-house of a clear yearly value, if let unfurnished, of £10 or upwards, and has resided in such lodgings during the six months immediately preceding the last day of July, and has duly claimed to be registered as a voter at the next ensuing registration of voters. In support of it, he argued that without some such franchise the Bill would not be of the slightest use to the metropolis.

The amendment was supported by Mr. Locke, Mr. H. Lewis, Dr. Brady, Sir M. Peto, and Mr. Alderman Lusk as indispensable to the efficacy of the Bill in London, and Mr. Gladstone warmly supported a proposal which, he maintained, would admit to the franchise the flower of the working classes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that the Government was friendly to the principle of a Lodger Franchise; but pointed out various technical objections to the precise manner and place in which Mr. Torrens had proposed it, and suggested that, contenting himself with the assurance that the Government accepted the principle, he should bring up his scheme in a more complete form at the end of clause 3.

Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Bright, and others pressed Mr. Disraeli to consent at once to the line of £10; but, after a long conversation, Mr. Torrens withdrew his amendment with no further pledge from the Government as to the details, on the understanding that he will renew it at the end of the clause, the Government agreeing to accept the principle.

On the motion for going into Committee on the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill.

Sir R. Collier, who was seconded by Sir R. Knightley, moved that it be referred to a select committee, and, while approving heartily the proposal to hold inquiries on the spot, objected to the power of appeal, and pointed out other practical defects in the machinery of the bill.

Sir G. Grey criticised sharply the provisions of the bill, urging that it would deprive the House of many facilities it now enjoyed of ascertaining the existence of corrupt practices, and would be altogether a change for the worse.

Sir S. Northcote assented on behalf of the Government to the reference of the bill to a select committee, as the chief desire of the Government was to ascertain how far the House would go in this matter.

Mr. B. Osborne in an amusing speech expressed his utter incredulity as to the sincerity of the House in this matter, and gave the Government great credit for having dared to propose to commit these inquiries to an independent tribunal.

After some structures on the bill from Mr. Sandford, Mr. H. Berkeley, and Colonel Sykes, it was ordered to be referred to a select committee.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE dissatisfaction as to the rate of wages appears to have spread from Buckinghamshire to the adjoining county of Oxfordshire. In the latter county the initiative has been taken by the females, many of whom go out into the fields to work. In the present case the standard has been 6d per diem for picking "conch" from the ground. The fact that one farmer—at Chesterton, three miles from Bicester—was giving women 8d per day, and the welcome news that the farmers in that and the neighbouring villages had raised the wages of their weekly men 1s per week, induced the "gentler" sex to demand an advance of 2d per day for their services, they arguing that "if the men's wages were raised 1s per week they could not see why the women's should not also be raised 1s; and they appear to have carried their point." The "ladies," like the Gawcott labourers, have also issued a manifesto; and, as was to be expected, they are very eloquent. They say, "Farmers may talk at their monthly meetings about labour being well remunerated; Conservative journals may comment on, and lament over, the evils of the 'gang system' practised in the fens of Lincolnshire; but will the public believe them? Is sixpence per day a fair remuneration for a woman to toil in the fields and unsex herself? Is 3d a day a fair amount to give boys of ten or twelve years of age for similar work, and have to walk three miles to and from their work? Is 4d per load of 16 bushels of stones picked from the ground a fair remuneration?" The demand of the females, as above stated, has been granted by the farmers of Chesterton, and the "ladies" of adjacent villages are intending to strike likewise. The secretary of the Gawcott Agricultural Labourers' Strike Fund, reports that during the past week he has been able to make arrangements for the removal to other parts of the country at advanced wages, and for the emigration to distant colonies, of nearly 100 of the farm labourers of Gawcott and the vicinity. The movement for an advance of remuneration appears to be on the spread through the northern portion of Bucks, and the consequence is a general scarcity of labour.

JAMES COLTON, a private in the 50th Regiment, has just been flogged at Chatham, with instructive results. Colton, described as a returned convict, threw down his arms and accoutrements on parade, and, vowing he would never more do duty as a soldier, walked off. On being summoned back he drew his bayonet and thrust at a sergeant, sending the cold steel between the body and the arm. Thereupon a court-martial sentenced him to the punishment of fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment. When released from the triangles—and it shows how little flogging affected him—Colton roared out a threat that he would murder a sergeant-major before he left the garrison. Then ensued a fresh trial, concluded on Friday; sentence at present unknown. It is, however, worth remarking, that the prisoner "behaved in a defiant manner" during the trial, and that he could not be trusted in the dock without handcuffs. Now, we should like to hear some explanation of the effect which flogging is supposed to produce upon a ruffian of this stamp. When a man, with his back yet bleeding, announces his intention to commit a murder, plainly the flogging has made him worse than he was before. No moral effect at all was produced. The blows of the cat stimulated the man's criminal propensities, and did not serve in any way the purpose of sound discipline. The theory of the lash is that every person is amenable to the same corrective treatment; which is like saying that all constitutions and temperaments can be effectually dealt with for the same disease in the same way. Of course we have no sympathy whatever for this man; but we have a strong feeling in favour of good and even rigid discipline, which, we undertake to say, is not promoted or secured by the use of the cat. Colton is not fit to be in the army, or anywhere else at large; he must first be tamed. But—and this is

what neither the ordinary soldier nor the average civilian understands—successful taming is a moral, and not a physical process.

ALTHOUGH the gathering in Hyde park on Monday evening last was of a very mixed character, including representatives of every class, even to nursemaids and babies, the majority of those present were unquestionably working men. Most of them had come up just as they had left their work. Some, however, had taken the trouble to array themselves in better garments, and not a few had brought with them their wives. Of the roughs there was no great number, and they were tolerably quiet. The Reform League marched into the park in very good order, five or six abreast. One division was preceded by a band, and bore two red flags, whilst another was distinguished by a red cap carried at the top of a pole. Each of the sections was provided with its proper speakers, and displayed a large number conspicuously when it arrived at the appointed place. There was also an authorised president attached, who bore on his hat a card labelled "Chairman" in large letters. Without any confusion or delay, the orators took up their stand upon benches, and knots quickly collected around them. On some matters it seemed that there was considerable difference of opinion. Thus, on one platform a gentleman proclaimed that the Government Bill was by no means a bad bill, while another denounced it as reactionary and atrocious. Upon one point all seemed pleased to dilate, and that was the orderly character of the assemblage. "Could these men who have reviled us as drunken and disorderly, could the House of Commons which applauded these infamous slanders, but see us now!"—that was the prevailing cry. Manhood suffrage, reduced taxation, justice to Ireland—these and other demands were received with applause, but nothing appeared to have the same effect as the statement:—"Here we are, and now it may be seen how much need we have of troops and artillery from Aldershot to keep us in order. We have come simply as Englishmen in our native land (one quoted Byron's famous lines), fellow countrymen of those who have spoken disparagingly of us, to discuss the best means of reforming the Commons' House of Parliament, and of obtaining those rights now wrongfully withheld." During the whole of the proceedings the men moved quietly from one group to another. One and all conducted themselves with the most perfect propriety. It was a common remark that had it not been for Mr. Walpole's proclamation, in all probability they would not have come. "Yet," they asked, "what harm are we doing now we are here? We have chosen the time when everybody else has left the park. We are as careful of the grounds as gentlemen would be." In almost any assembly for an ordinary purpose more or less drunkenness would have prevailed, but there was not one drunken man to be seen, nor was there in all the unavoidable crowding and pushing any approach to a fight. In fact, never for a moment during the whole of the proceedings was there any need for the interference of the police or the troops, who happily kept out of sight.

AN ordinary plea in favour of adulteration of articles of consumption, when there is no hiding the fact of their introduction, is that these are positive improvements. There is no doubt that pounded glass imparts additional pungency to snuff; but, as for improvement, Heaven save the mark! More lies have been told in commendation of chicory than there are tongues in grocers; and a host of doctors, great and small, have apparently been subsidised to commend to their patients the use of a villainous preparation of cocoa, chiefly compounded of maple sugar and roasted bullock's liver, ground to an impalpable powder. After finding whisky increased in bulk by the decoction of a poisonous root, the liquor costing but a shilling a gallon, it is not surprising to find peach wine advertised for sale as likely to improve the "mountain dew," giving it mellowness and pleasantness, and dispensing with its acrid, fiery taste. These adulterations have unfortunately no effect in reducing the price of the article to the consumer, or they might be better tolerated. If grocers, under a penalty of £50, must certify to the purchaser any mixture of chicory with coffee, why should not the publican's glass be similarly labelled when handing over peach wine for pure whisky? or the linen draper attach to his bill for a silk dress a certificate of "mixed with cotton?" We have seen an end of sumptuary laws; but as all who have the necessary credit or money may buy, eat, wear, or use anything, let legislation give the public this means of protection.

There are 14 Royal parks and pleasure grounds in or about London, the parks being those of Battersea, Bushy, Greenwich, Hampton Court, Kensington, Kensington, Regent's, Richmond, St. James', Green, Hyde, and Victoria, and the pleasure grounds of Hampton Court and Kew. The grounds of the Hospital and Military Asylum at Chelsea, with Holyrood Park and Longford River, are also included under the above heading, the total estimate of charges connected with which amounts, for the financial year 1867-8, to £25,326. Of this sum £995 is paid to the Ranger's departments of Greenwich, Richmond, St. James', Green and Hyde Parks, the grounds of the Hospital and Military Asylum at Chelsea costing £1701.

Earl Russell presided at the meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, and expressed the opinion that the time had come when the State should do more than it had hitherto done for national education. The noble earl said:—"When the House of Commons has settled the absorbing question which is now occupying its attention, of who is to be included in the franchise and who is to be excluded, it might, I think, turn with advantage to the consideration of how best to provide that those who will possess the franchise under the new law shall have intelligence to use it properly, and that, however restricted or however extensive that franchise may be, all those new voters who may be admitted under it shall know what are the circumstances of the country which they are called upon, in the exercise of their electoral right, to represent. Should that be the case, I trust we are approaching the time when this question will be fairly and earnestly encountered. For our part we who belong to this society (and I have belonged to it a very long time, and my father belonged to it as far back as the year 1807) having done our duty so far as we could, having shown that we are devoted, not only to education, but to education which is religious in its character and principle—for I hold there can be no sound basis of education or of morality but that of sound religion—and having contributed to the welfare of the country as far as we could with our insufficient means, now look to the Legislature to adopt a system which shall place the country, not below others on this question of education, but by a sound, liberal, and enlightened teaching to enable us to boast that England is not amongst the lowest but amongst the highest and best instructed nations of the world."

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A Copper-Plate Engraved (any style, and Fifty Best Cards Printed, with Card Case included, by 2s. Sent post free by ARTHUR GRANGER, the noted Cheap Stationer, 303, High Holborn, and the New Street Bazaar, 93, S.E.

OUR OPERA GLASS.

HAYMARKET.—A new comic drama, in five acts, called *A Wild Goose* by Mr. J. Lester Wallace, and edited by Mr. D. M. Macdonald, has been produced at the above theatre. The play has been for some time advertised under the name of *The Scoundrel*, and has, we believe, obtained success in America, where it is entitled *Proble*. As the signs of Mr. Macdonald's ingenuity are not readily to be traced in the work, we may assume that the part played by that dramatist in the preparation of *A Wild Goose* for the stage has been of a very limited kind, and is not particularly noteworthy. With all the ingenuity and passion for comic writing which London writers are prone to, however, we can scarcely imagine that any one will be presumptuous enough to compare the merits of such a piece as *A Wild Goose* with the play which is now being produced at the Haymarket Theatre, and which, in the opinion of the sobriety of legitimate comedy, but seen we are up in the intricacies of force of the most broadly practical kind, to find ourselves wandering about and lost in the will of mischief. When the reader is informed that the main situations of the play arise out of the stealing of a child—baronet and the "rightful heir" by a gang of gipsies, and the subsequent recovery of the stolen infant, and his production in the last scene, to the intense amusement of the usurper of his possessions, his cruel guardian and "wrongful heir," we have probably said enough to show that the scenes set before us are of a very well-worn kind, and have done service to the theatrical state for a remarkably prolonged period. The new drama occupies the stage during three hours, and its five acts might advantageously be compressed in one, or even three. The first three, with the exception of the comic scenes, and the concluding tableau of the third act are spun out by incidents belonging almost entirely to farce. The dialogue is never brilliant, or even clever, and the amusement, which the piece undoubtedly affords, is dependent principally on the action, which is lively and bustling throughout. In several of the situations, the farcical element is allowed to interfere with the serious interest, notably so in the tableau at the end of the third act, when the curtain descends on Lady Merivale's grief at the supposed loss of her child. Mr. Buckstone, for the sake of raising a laugh in the pit, is seen reclining on the ample bosom of Lady Frances Devlin, as a sort of counterpoise to the real agony of the young mother, who faints away in the arms of her husband, as the conclusion is forced upon her that her only child is drowned. In the previous scene Mr. Buckstone smears his face with jam, and his coat with flour, and so raises a certain kind of laughter by means that are not with in three farces out of four. All this is contemptible and entirely beneath the dignity of a five-act drama. The fourth act is a kind of anti-climax; the real interest of the piece is entirely over with the sensation scene at the end of the fourth; and Lady Merivale, in whose joy at the recovery of her child it entirely depends, has very uphill work to do to elicit the sympathies of the audience with a foregone conclusion. The scenery is very good, and Mr. Tidd's tableau of the Abbey Ruins by Moonlight is pretty, though by no means the best effort of his brush we have seen.

The following is a brief sketch of the plot:—

Lady Merivale is a charming young widow, with a son five years old. As her trustee and her son's guardian her husband has appointed an unprincipled friend, Colonel Higham Fevers, who, besides his legal relationship to the widow and her son, is the successor to the baronetcy in the event of the boy's death. He has peculiar powers under the will. In the event of Lady Merivale's marrying without his consent she forfeits all but a scanty allowance for life. His is an embittered and unscrupulous. Foisted in his attempt to force a second husband on Lady Merivale in the person of Mr. Bubb, a comic country squire, in the character of a gipsy, and dressed in drab breeches and moustache, from which he has borrowed money on the eve of his departure, he discovers that Lady Merivale has some secret hidden, which involves clandestine meetings in Buckstone-chase, with a mysterious unknown. He employs a gipsy, Mike Walsh, to dog her in her wanderings. Mike enters the park by Lady Merivale and her boy, is impatient to them, and meets with condign chastisement at the hands of Captain Devlin, of her Majesty's Plungers, the Wild Goose of the play, who has arrived on a visit at the Manor-house, and who, after his bout at fistfights with the gipsy, takes a fancy to occupy a haunted room in a disused wing of the mansion. Smoking a cigar at the window of this room, he is the witness of an interview between Lady Merivale and her nightly visitor, and discovers in him his early friend, Dr. Fane, who has been secretly married to the fair widow some months before the play opens. The Colonel, unluckily, takes the haunted room as the safest place for an interview in the dark with his gipsy agent, and the Captain, who, with his usual eccentricity, has retired to bed in his chamber, overhears a whispered plot for the "nobbling" of the young baronet in consideration of a handsome payment by the Colonel. The Captain, among his other wild-goose flights, has once consorted with the Roumney, and has, in this stage of his erratic course, won the heart of a gipsy girl, Neena. The young Baronet, in the course of a picnic near St. Agatha's Fall, suddenly disappears; his hat is seen borne down the fall, and everybody jumps to the conclusion that he is drowned. The interruption of the picnic by this exciting incident furnishes occasion for the tableau, in which the curtain falls at the end of the third act. When it rises again ten months have elapsed. The Wild Goose, who, in that interval, has been his way to Canada, whither his regiment is ordered on service, and back again to England, brought thither by intelligence from his faithful Neena, which leads him to the not altogether recondite conclusion that the boy is not dead, but kept in hiding by the gipsies. In the disguise of "The Roarer," an escaped cracksmen, he visits the camp of the gang in the ruined abbey of St. Agatha (another picturesque "set," of course), where the tribe has assembled for the marriage of Neena with Mike Walsh, the girl having sacrificed herself to discover the secret of the boy's fate from her gipsy lover, who will not betray that truth for any less consideration than Neena's hand. The Roarer makes himself agreeable to the gang, and when they have retired for the night lures the boy from the tent where he is guarded, not so vigilantly apparently as he might be, by means of a verse of "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," which had once been sung with great applause at some manorial merry-making by Aurelia, the fair sister of Dr. Fane, and the Captain's lady-love. The boy creeps into the Captain's arms, who dells his disguise and is about to attempt an escape with his little treasure, when Mike and the gipsy's surprise and are about to overpower him. A *deus ex machina* arrives in the person of Squire Bubb, who has been despatched by the Captain for a company of soldiers from a neighbouring garrison town, and an effective tableau at the close of Act I is got up by the rush of the soldiers on the discomfited gipsies. Armed with this proof of the Colonel's villainy, the Captain compels him to sign a paper consenting to Lady Merivale's marriage with Dr. Fane, and renouncing his guardianship of the

young Baronet, whose title and estates he had had taken possession of, on the presumption of his death by drowning. The two last parts in this piece, putting on one side that of Mr. Sothern, are those of the two gipsies, Mike Walsh and Neena. They were fairly played by Mr. Rogers and by Miss Sydney, though the former makes anything but a gipsy of Mike, and represents the character more as a vulgar and vicious countryman. The make up of the latter is capital, and her acting, compared with what we have seen of her in other characters, is good and natural. If this impression is to last to the teaching of some theatrical coach, Miss Sydney should be enabled to avail herself of the same advice in all parts she may have to perform for the future. Lady Merivale, who is the principal character in the piece, is but a mere outline of a part. The role was very gracefully played by Miss Hill, who, as a matter of fact, is very capable of playing, and in her previous performance of her child's life, and of just at its recovery, had been very successful. Mrs. Llewellyn was admirable as the housekeeper, Miss Pennington. Mr. Sothern, of course, played the part of Captain Devlin, the Wild Goose. This part is not a good one, and is certainly a most improbable portrait of a Lieutenant in the Plungers. He was, as he always is, extremely natural and easy. Other actors might well take a lesson from the painstaking attention this actor bestows on every detail, which contributes so much towards an harmonious whole. There is not much more praise than this, however, to be given to him on this occasion. His naturalness was once or twice carried to the verge of free-and-easyism, and he was not very gentlemanly throughout. One or two of his speeches, with advantage, he left unsaid. He broke down when he assumed the disguise of "The Roarer," and a meaningless song, "Laddy Laddy," not well sung by him in this character, had better be omitted. If Mr. Sothern does not know himself that an officer does not continually wear his uniform when off duty, there must surely be some one connected with the theatre, with a sufficient knowledge of the manners of society, to tell him that such an absurd contradiction to the habits of the time is displeasing to the eye, and a drawback to the play. Mr. Howe was respectable as Colonel Fevers. The other characters call for no remark.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

Mr. Dan Leeson makes his re-appearance at the Grecian in *The Octopus*.

The new amphitheatre in Holborn is announced to be opened on the 11th inst.

Miss Marriott has commenced an engagement at the Victoria. She afterwards visits the Glasgow Theatre.

La Marmite Pina, a new sensation drama, has been produced at the Theatre Beaumarchais.

Hugh's *Louise* *Barf* has been played at New York by the French company.

Miss Broun, the celebrated actress, who recently married Dr. Crow, is about to return to Europe, with the view of settling in England.

Apr of this is theatrical, the new theatre at Baywater is to be situated close to the Royal Oak. The Leicester-square Theatre is once more *sur le tapis*. A new piece by Mr. Tom Taylor will be the next novelty at the Adelphi.

M. Charles Hugo is working at a drama, to be called *Les Chevaliers Etrangers*. The subject is drawn from *Erasm*.

Capit, which is being performed at the Châtelet, attracts nightly crowds. This theatre will give *Les Voyages de Gulliver* about the middle of June.

Madlle. Theresia has not been well received at Marseille; so strong was the public opinion against her that a riot almost took place at the door of the Alcazar. She did not appear, but disappeared.

Madame Sars is going to resume the character of Solika, in *L'Africaine*. The part of the Queen Elizabeth, created by Madame Sars, in the opera of *Don Carlos*, has been given to Madlle. Manduit.

During five or six long years Flotow endeavored, but in vain, to get his delightful comic opera, *Martha*, performed in Paris. At length it was received by the Theatre Lyrique, and has just been performed for the 100th time—a curious lesson to managers.

Madlle. Granzow has returned to Paris. She will make her first re-appearance at the Opera in the ballet, *Le Source*. The *Corsaire* is also being prepared for her, in which will also take part Madlle. Fioretti, who has lately obtained great success at Trieste.

Mr. Charles Reade's drama, *Griffith Gault*, has been revived at the Stadt Theatre, New York. At the same house Herr Theodore L'Arronge, a German comedian, had previously made a success *st*.

A Quel Expose l'Exposition, by M. de Jalais, *de ne ens pas Mourir l'estale*, a title we may translate by the name of an old song "I won't be a nun," and *Les Petits Ceveers*, are the names of three pieces which have been accepted at the Theatre D'jaz.

The Theatre de l'Opera, at Madrid, has had a narrow escape from destruction. The adjoining conservatory of music took fire, the flames invading almost immediately the opera house. Fortunately their progress was arrested ere any extensive damage had been done.

Two new pieces have been produced at the Theatre D'jaz: the first a charming little *lever du rideau*, by M. Paul Aymet, entitled *Comte de Marquise*, the second a comedy, with songs, by MM. Dezan-Mousseux and J. Allexares, entitled *Les Femmes de l'Amour*. The last-named piece is neither lively nor original.

M. Eugene Provost, the well-known actor of the Comedie, has been hurt by the shutter of a shop which fell on his head. He is thus prevented from playing Thomas Dufour in *Michon's Molade Imaginaire*, in which he was to have appeared on Tuesday next. Serious consequences are, however, not expected.

It is said that two historical dramas are being written for the Chatelet; one by M. Victor Sejour, and the other by M. Paul Foucher. It is also rumoured that *Ruy Blas* will be performed at this theatre, with Frederick Lemaire as Don Cesar, Fechter as Ruy Blas, and Brail as Don Salluste.

Madlle. Parfais gave her performance at the Theatre Lyrique (the son of 19,121 francs (£759)). The fair songstress has 302 at 200 representations in Paris, and the sum then paid her

amounts to no less than 2,564,500 francs (£102,580), making an average of 11,150 francs for each. She is re-engaged for the ensuing season, commencing 1st September.

Last week, during the performance of the second act of the *Grande Duchesse*, at the Varieties, M. Grenier, who plays the part of the Prince Paul, slipped and fell on the stage. He was unable to rise without assistance, and it was discovered that he had fractured his leg. The public greatly affected by this sudden misfortune, left the theatre, and the performance was not continued. On the following evening M. Aurele played the part of Prince Paul.

SOCIETY:

Its Facts and its Rumours.

Sunday was the 41st anniversary of the birthday of the Empress Eugenie, who was born on the 5th of May, 1826.

The Queen of Portugal arrived in Madrid on the 5th; she is to remain two days in the Spanish capital.

A telegram from Nice tells us of Lord Brougham, that "all hope is given up."

The King of Prussia goes to Ems in June for the benefit of the waters, after which he will proceed to Paris.

The Duke of Beaufort will be appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, in the place of the late Lord Llanover.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian has driven out twice daily at Windsor since her Majesty's departure from the Castle.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in the course of this week, will leave town to pay a visit to Paris and the Exhibition.

Senor Rattazzi has received a complimentary despatch from Berlin, thanking Italy for the part she took in the Luxembourg question.

It is announced as certain that a marriage is to take place between King George of Greece and the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine, brother to the Emperor of Russia.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the course of this week will leave town to pay a visit to Paris and the Exhibition.

There is now a real and visible amendment in the health of the Princess of Wales, and the medical reports are more satisfactory than they have been at any previous time since her unhappy illness.

On leaving Windsor for Balmoral, her Majesty will be accompanied by the Prince and Princess Christian and their infant son. The Court will return to Windsor after three days' sojourn in the Highlands.—*Court Journal*.

When the Queen left Windsor for Osborne, the Princess Beatrice met with a slight accident as she was getting into the train. In stepping into the royal saloon her foot slipped, and she fell between the carriage and the platform on to the permanent way. She was immediately lifted up and got into the carriage, apparently not much worse for the accident.

The King of Greece is on a visit to this country—perhaps to see his afflicted sister, the Princess of Wales, respecting whose health disquieting rumours continue to be in circulation, the assurances of certain of the medical journals notwithstanding. His Majesty will proceed from this country to St. Petersburg there to celebrate his betrothal to the daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine. His Majesty has, therefore, made arrangements for a somewhat prolonged absence from his capital.

The progress of the Princess of Wales towards convalescence has continued in the same kind and degree since the report of last week. The condition of the knee-joint now is that of a part in which inflammation and irritation have wholly subsided, and swelling is slowly diminishing. The surgeons of the Princess are confidently anticipating that they will shortly be able to apply a contentive and supporting apparatus, which will allow her Royal Highness to move about with safety. Meantime, and until this may be done without risk, it has not been thought advisable to allow the illustrious patient the minor relaxation of movement from the bed to the sofa, which in less troublesome affections is the ordinary prelude to freedom.

At the Lambeth County Court, last week, several jokes were perpetrated, one of which, at least, we must enbalm. A plaintiff had failed to prove his case, when the judge said he must enter a nonsuit. "How shall I stand, then?" said the plaintiff. "Shall I have to begin again *de novo*?" "You'll have to begin again," said the judge, ignoring the plaintiff's latin. The plaintiff stood staring at the judge as if utterly incapable of understanding the distinction between beginning again and beginning again *de novo*. "You must begin *de novo*," said the registrar; you know what that means." "Ab oro," said the judge, as if correcting the registrar. "Eggs-actly," said the grave functionary, laying a strong emphasis on the first syllable. A slight ripple of smiles overpread the judicial countenance, and reached as far as the attorney's table, but stopped short at the barrier which divides those gentlemen from the public.

Mrs. Harriet Law, a professional lecturer, addressed the Hyde Park Reform meeting with much spirit. Following Mr. Cremer and Mr. Drury, Mrs. Law supported the resolutions proposed, but thought them too narrow. She urged that "the rights of women should be recognised, on the ground that if they were admitted to the franchise they would train up their children to political knowledge." Whether such an arrangement would conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number is a point which we conceive, with all due deference to Mrs. Harriet Law, requires the mature and anxious consideration of Paterfamilias.

Just out, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal, fired with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent, carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—LLOYD BROTHERS, 21, NORTOLK-ROAD, Essex-road, Islington, LONDON. Established 1829.

Oh, just Oh, yes! Oh, yes!—It is an acknowledged fact that JONES & CO.'s Bath-Gumma Bath, the Diamond is the best-shaped one in London, equal to what is sold for twelve and six at the West-End houses. JONES & CO.'s Bath-Gumma Bath, 78, Long Acre.—ADVT.



COUNTRY SRETCHES : RUINS OF LULLINGSTONE CASTLE, KENT.

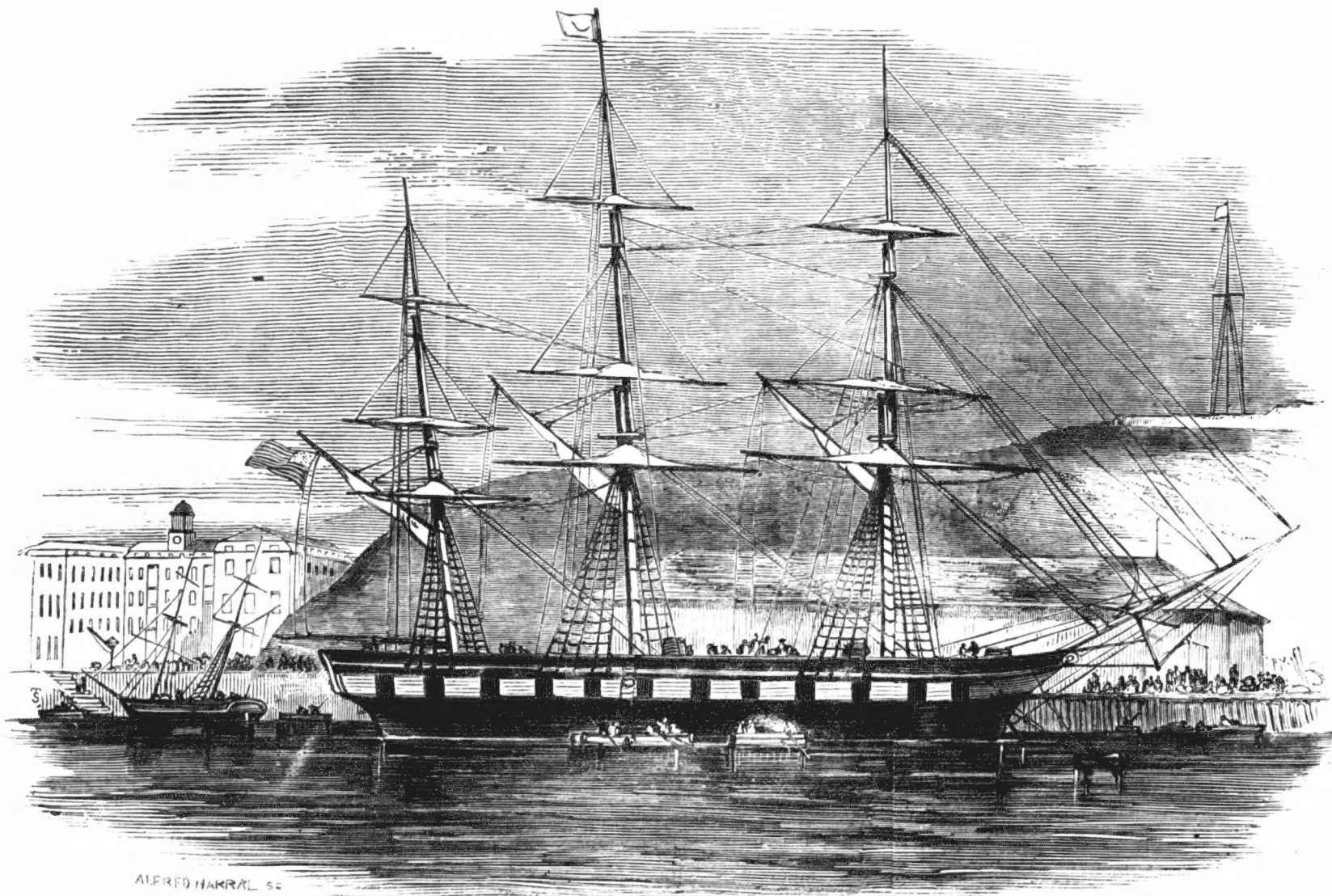
COUNTRY SKETCHES.—LULLINGSTONE CASTLE, KENT.

LITTLE now remains of the ancient castle of Lullingstone, or, as it is also called, Shoreham, in Kent. It is situate near Eynsford, on the road to Tunbridge, a short distance from the south gate of Lullingstone Park, the ancestral seat of Sir Percival Hart Dyke, Bart. A great portion of the site of the castle is occupied by a modern farm-house, as will be seen from our illustration. Lullingstone passed from the Rokesles to the Peches, and thence by mar-

riage, to John Hart, whose son, Sir Percival, was attached to the household of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary and Elizabeth. About 1738, it again went by marriage into another family, the Dykes, of Horsham, in Sussex.

Lullingstone Church is an early English building, consisting of a nave, chancel, south aisle, and low-pointed steeple. The nave is separated from the chancel by a rich oaken screen. The pavement is of black and white marble, and the windows are resplendent with many dyes. The monuments are ancient and highly interesting.

Mr Ferry, the governor of the County House of Correction at Reading, in which Toomer has been confined since his trial at Abingdon last year has received a post letter from the Home Office ordering Toomer's release, her Majesty having granted him a free pardon from the crime of which he stood convicted. The contents of the letter, were immediately conveyed to Toomer, who appeared much pleased that the demand that he had made, through his friends for a free pardon had been acceded to and he then quitted the jail.



ALFRED HARRAL SC.

AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR IN CORK HARBOUR.



THE CAFFARELLI PALACE AT ROME, THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

THE CAFFARELLI PALACE AT ROME.

THE Prussian Minister at Rome recently gave great offence to the Pope in consequence of imperious and insulting conduct. It will be remembered that the Caffarelli Palace was stated as being the residence of the Prussian Minister. We, therefore, give on page 213 an engraving of that building, which appears never to have been thoroughly finished. It was built in the 16th century by the Dukes of Caffarelli, and has simply been made habitable at the expense of architectural beauty. It is, however, surrounded by charming grounds, studded with groves of orange and lemon trees.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE machinery gallery may now be said to be fairly completed, and a very busy scene it is. The rattle and roar of the countless engines and machines, the whirring of spindles, the whizzing of circular saws and planes, and the occasional thumping of steam hammers, keep up a noise that is almost bewildering. The most interesting portion of the gallery is the French manufacturing department, where everything is now in working order. The felt hat, the boot, the india rubber, and the hook and eye machinery I have already described; but there is a large number now in operation in addition to these. The following trades are among those represented—fringe making, braid making, wood carving, artificial flowers, hair flowers, feather preparing, ivory turning, cork cutting, envelope folding, match making, hair nets, fans, lithography, meerschmump pipes, morocco bags and purses, cheap jewellery, turning, basket work, combs, opera glasses, and diamond cutting. Round all these stalls the crowd is always thick, and I should say by appearances that there must be a brisk sale for the articles manufactured. In the English department there are three pumps at work—Williamson's (Kendal) turbine pump, and Bastien's patent chain pump, both of which lift very considerable streams of water; and Gwynne's centrifugal pump, which pours out a really respectable river. In steam engines there are many excellent pieces of machinery, in various parts of the building; but there is a high rate of speed, with extreme steadiness of work, there is nothing to compare to Allen's engine, made by the Whitworth Company. This engine, which has a cylinder of a foot diameter and two-foot stroke, works at the extraordinary speed of 200 revolutions a minute. Worked with a pressure of 50lb. of steam to the inch it would exercise a power equal to 125 horses. A very ingenious piece of mechanism was at work in the garden to-day—it is a Russian invention. A small model railway of some sixty yards in length is laid down, having an incline of about four feet in its total length. Upon this are placed four carriages made like luggage vans, and capable of being filled with water. The engine has six wheels, and working upon them are other wheels giving motion to two very large and solid iron fly-wheels, which in the model weigh over half a hundredweight each. The trucks are filled with water from a tank above, and descend the inclined plane, the friction of the wheels giving

motion to the heavy fly-wheels, which, therefore, act as breaks, and allow the train to descend slowly. When the train reaches the foot of the incline the fly-wheels are thrown out of gear, so that, although they continue to revolve rapidly, they no longer affect the driving wheels. Valves are then opened, and the trucks are rapidly emptied of water. The wheels are then thrown into gear again, but this time the reverse way, and the empty train, with a man sitting upon one of the trucks, mounts the incline again by itself, the accumulated power in the fly-wheels being sufficient to carry it up-hill. The inventor is sanguine that it could be employed in mines for working inclined planes, taking one set of full waggons down, and bringing an empty set up. While it does not possess any advantage over the present method employed, of two lines of rails and a rope passing round a drum at the top, so that the full waggons in their descent pull up the empty ones, it has many disadvantages. In the first place the rails upon mining tramroads are very light, and very roughly laid down, and would by no means support the weight of the fly-wheels, which, if in proportion, would weigh three or four tons each; the risk, therefore, of getting off the line would be very great, and it would be a work of enormous difficulty in a colliery to put this ponderous piece of machinery again upon the road. In the next place, if any delay occurred in hooking on the empty set of waggons, so that the impetus of the fly-wheels was a little lost before the train began to ascend, and the line happened to be unusually wet or greasy, the force would not be sufficient to carry the train to the top of the incline, and it would then return by its own weight to the bottom, and would have to be dragged up to the top by 15 or 20 horses.

THE CHAIR-LETTER CONCESSION.—At the Civil Tribunal of the Seine two days back, an application for an injunction was made by M. Bernard, who holds the concession of letting chairs for hire at the Great Exhibition. A number of the proprietors of *cafés* and refreshment stalls in the external gallery of the building have placed chairs for the accommodation of their customers outside their locations, as is done by the keepers of similar establishments on the boulevards of Paris. This proceeding M. Bernard considers as an infringement on his privilege, for which he had paid a considerable sum; and, in order to try the question, he assigned two of them, M. Rouzé and M. Fanta, before above-named Court, and at the same time demanded authorisation to remove the seats in question with the assistance of the police if necessary. The judge, however, declared himself incompetent to interpret the concessions granted by the Imperial Commission, to which he referred the parties for the regulation of their respective rights.

THE CROWN DIAMONDS.—The pavilion destined to receive the Crown diamonds at the Great Exhibition is being actively fitted up, and will be ready in the course of a few days. It stands in the middle of the garden, and is circular in form, with two entrances, one opposite the Rue de France, the other facing the Rue de Russie. The construction is partly of wood and partly of glass, with a dome of the latter material. There is a contrivance, as has been lately stated, by which the whole edifice can be made to descend under ground at night.

An extraordinary incident is related by the religious organs of France as having occurred on the occasion of an audience granted by the Pope during the late festive celebrations in Rome, to the Congregation of the Canons of the Lateran and St. Peter in Vinculis. All the seminarists educated by this order were present, and among them was Edgar Mortara, whose name so long figured in the newspapers as the victim of a scandalous usurpation of power, and twofold violation of the rights of conscience and parental authority. The young man is now said to be very eloquent, very clever, and of a good deportment. And he had been chosen by his comrades to offer, in their name, a present to the Pope. After listening to him with affability, the Sovereign Pontiff addressed him in the following words:—"You are very dear to me, my son, because I have gained you to Christ at a very great price. You have cost me a goodly ransom. On your account an universal outburst was let loose upon me and upon the Apostolic throne. Governments and nations, the powerful ones of this world, and journalists, who are also among the mighty of our days, declared war against me. Kings even placed themselves at the head of the campaign and caused their Ministers to write diplomatic notes. All this on your account. I pass in silence over the conduct of kings. I will only recall the outrages, the calumnies, and the curses pronounced by an innumerable crowd of private individuals who appeared indignant that God should have vouchsafed you the gift of the true faith, by withdrawing you from the shadow of death wherein your family are still dwelling. Complaint was especially made of the lot which was thus made to befall your parents, because you have been regenerated by holy baptism, and have received such instruction as it has pleased God to grant you," &c., &c.

Mr Gladstone, here addresses the following letter to the liberal press:—"The communications which have reached me since the 12th of April with reference to the division on that day, from individuals from the provincial press, and especially from the chairman or other acting representatives of meetings in the large towns and elsewhere throughout the country, have been, and continue to be, so numerous, as to place it beyond my power to acknowledge them separately and in the manner I could wish. I therefore beg the favour of being allowed to do it by this public reply, which I trust that those who have addressed me will be so good as to accept as respects myself I have reason to be so deeply grateful for the terms in which these communications have been couched; and to feel that, if I cannot merit the confidence they express, still they impose upon me even an enhanced obligation to labour, together with others, for the prompt settlement of the question of Reform "upon principles liberal, intelligible, durable, and equal in their application to the various classes of persons whom they may affect.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."

The *Bourse Gazette* says that a letter has been received at St. Petersburg from the King of Prussia, in which his Majesty announces that he has definitively abandoned his intention of paying a visit, attended by Count Bismarck, to the Paris Exhibition.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.
ANNIVERSARIES

D.	D.W.					H. W. I. B.	A.M.	P.M.
12	S	3rd Sunday after Easter	8 36	9 14
13	M						9 52	10 37
14	T	Fahrenheit born, 1686.	11 51	11 37
15	W	Cuvier, naturalist, died, 1832.	—	0 1
16	Th	Mrs. Hemmings died, 1835.	0 23	0 56
17	F	First French Empire estab., 1804.	1 11	1 30
18	S	Crim. Medals distributed, 1853.	1 51	2 13

Moon's changes.....Full Moon, 18th day, 5h. 22m. p.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the Editor, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

MEDICAL GALVANISM is now recognised as one of the most useful adjuncts to the science of Medicine, and is becoming more used by the medical profession than any other new invention for the relief or cure of disease, especially as in most cases it obviates the use of medicines. As it is impossible to answer the numerous correspondents who have inquired respecting its proper use, we have great pleasure in mentioning Mr. Faulkner, Surgeon, Medical Galvanist, of 40, Endell-street, Bloomsbury, and 42, Rochester-street, as one who will give any information on the subject. He also has a large number of Medical Galvanic Apparatus by various makers for sale at moderate prices. For Sale: a vertical engine, with slide valve; wheel, 17in. in diameter; pulley wheel, 6in. in diameter; cylinder, 5in. high, and 3in. diameter; in good working order, only £2. A first-rate magnetism wire lamp, with reflector, 30s., cost 50s. A ten-cell platinum battery, only 3s.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

It is very easy for dealers in second-hand jokes to laugh at the tailors—whole volumes are ready to their hand—they may assure us that a knight of the shars is but the ninth part of a man, and that it is an act of positive immorality to pay a tailor's bill; but when we come to examine the matter a little more closely, we shall find this much satirised body of men far above the average, both for energy and activity. If among the recruits of a cavalry regiment there is one who obtains a mastery over his horse, and a firm seat in the saddle, sooner than the rest, ten to one that man is a tailor. If among landmen at sea, there be one more cat-like in his climbing propensities than the other candidates for ordinary seamanship—he sure he has had his education on the shop-board. If a round robin be written, or any organised form of civil resistance be set on foot, make no doubt but that a tailor is at the bottom of it. He is always equal to the occasion, and so satisfied is he of his competence to manage anything or anybody that, if you ask him his business, he will invariably reply, "I am a tailor—by trade"—a sort of implied protest against your thinking him a tailor in soul. No; his soul is above buttons, though it may be a part of his trade to sew them on.

Now, the tailors are out on strike, and not in this country only, but in France likewise; and so far as we have regard to the appearance of our outward man, so far as we recognise any truth in Carlyle's theory that the coat is the man—and the tailor therefore the man's maker—we cannot look on with indifference while a strife is being waged, on the issue of which may depend the question whether we are to be clothed or not.

The tailors' strike presents features somewhat different from those which characterise a strike in general. It is not ostensibly a strike for wages, and hence it is not so easy to understand as those which have so recently occupied our attention. It is not levelled against those houses which employ middle-men, advertise low prices and give low wages in consequence, but against old-established masters, who for many years have been regarded, and, we may suppose, justly so, as liberal towards their workmen.

Tailors regulate their hours by what they call a time-log. They do not, as a rule, work by the piece, nor do they work by the hour, but they combine the two in a manner peculiar to themselves, and which aims at making the advantages of both. The time-log specifies how many hours may be employed on a given garment, say a frock-coat, and how much per hour may be required for it. Thus, if sevenpence per hour be paid, and that seems to have been the maximum before the strike, and the coat took thirty-two hours to complete, the sum paid for the work would be £1 2s. 4d., but this sum would not be paid for making a frock coat, but for so many hours' labour at sevenpence per hour. This plan, therefore, obviated the possibility of taking an unreasonable time for any specific piece of work, and then charging so much per hour; while, on the other hand, it prevents the master from throwing on a rapid and able workman a greater amount of labour than the payment he is to receive will warrant. It is accordingly both to masters and men, a protection to each party, and a time-log of some kind or other is accepted by both, all over the country.

The terms, sevenpence per hour, were agreed upon about a year ago, and these men were at that time satisfied with what was then an advance. And here the query may reasonably occur:—Is sevenpence an hour a sufficient remuneration for a good workman? The masters say it is. The journeymen say it is not, and they demand eightpence, not in the form of an additional penny, but in that of a readjustment of the time-log. With a due regard to the requirements of health, we have medical evidence that nine hours is the extreme amount of labour which should be exacted from a tailor. He works in a constrained position, in an impure atmosphere, and the time-log prevents his work from becoming mere pretence.

If, then, he works at this rate for six days, he obtains for his week's labour just one guinea and a half—what he asks for is that this guinea and a half should be made one pound fifteen shillings and fivepence. At all events, considering the wages paid in other trades, the demand is not a very extravagant one. But the workmen allege not only that they have a right to this increase, but that it accrues to them through the wrong inflicted upon them by their employers at the very time when the rise of one penny per hour was granted to them. They say that some kind of *locus pocus* took place then, by the readjustment of the time-log, so that they did not really obtain the rise which was covenanted for. They complain, too, that in making a garment, they are called upon to do what are called *extras*, and which, under the old system, were separately paid for.

Thus stands the dispute at present. As usual, both parties maintain themselves to be in the right; and "we, the British nation," a title once usurped by the immortal three, are likely to wear sackcloth, unless the matter can be adjusted. But why should it not be arranged in an amicable manner? The workmen say they do not seek any increase of wages. (We cannot very clearly understand how a change from sevenpence to eightpence can be anything else, but, according to Sartorial logic, it may be.) At any rate, the matter seems one susceptible of friendly compromise. The masters will hardly say the men are too well paid, even if they grant the additional penny desired; and it would be a good example, never so much needed as now, were a body of men conspicuous for their energy and intelligence brought into better relations with their employers, simply by the inducement of sound reason. At present, the dispute is becoming exasperated; the men are talking of establishing shops of their own—a course which might answer, but the success of which is, to say the least, problematical. The masters are not adopting any conciliatory measures, and every day's delay increases the difficulties of the position.

At present, there is an opportunity of dealing with that class of advertising cheap tailors who do grind down the workmen, and more especially the workwomen, whom they employ. If the Tailors' Union would take this matter in hand and regulate slopwork, they would be doing a service to society, and, it may be, rescuing from slow starvation many hundreds of their fellow-creatures. The song that Hood sung of the Shirt requires but little alteration to be the song of many another garment, and the sympathy of the public is easily roused on behalf of the unemployed.

The time which the tailors have taken for their demonstration is an unfortunate one. They select it, of course, because it is the season when their services are especially required. Paterfamilias is taking his tribe to Paris, or elsewhere. He must have his travelling accoutrements. Young men *à fortiori* must have theirs. London will soon be full. We have two Italian Operas, and the sea-on will soon be at its height. Balls, reviews, races, water-parties, will all make their demand on that profession which proudly separates its soul from its trade, and denominates itself, in the persons of three of its spirited members, as "The British Nation." It is the time, therefore, to make employers feel the effects of a strike, and give way the more readily to the demands of the unionists.

But, on the other hand, the time is peculiarly unfortunate in that it confounds the tailors' strike with a multitude of others, and may—may, will, give rise to the notion that it is a strike of the same character with the rest. If the tailors in union desire to avoid this, and to be recognised as having grounds for their proceedings—which few of the other unions can exhibit—they will be willing to listen to the counsels of peacemakers. Both sides will be wiser if they allow the present state of affairs to continue, and we shall hope, before many days are over, to see the tailors again at work on both sides of the Channel, and the vanities to which they minister as flourishing as ever.

The Jardin Mabille has opened for the season.

The *Avenir National* has been fined 100*l.* for having published the false news we spoke of last week. It has got off cheaper than did the *Liberte*.

Lord Loftus, in proposing to Count Bismarck to invite Italy and Belgium to the Conference, observed that the invitation to Italy, as a great Power, did not imply in any way the extension of the programme to any other question than to Luxembourg.

The little village of Prapic (Hautes-Alpes) has been almost wholly destroyed by fire; only two out of thirty-nine of the houses of which it was composed now remaining. An old man of 72 met with his death in the flames.

The health of the Queen of Portugal being one of the reasons which gave rise to the projected foreign tour of the Court, it is now stated that her Majesty will probably leave the capital on the 4th inst. for Italy, via Madrid.

Intelligence has been received that Juarez, acting on the urgent recommendation of Mr. Seward, has given order that should the Emperor Maximilian be taken prisoner at Queretaro, he was to be transferred to San Luis de Potosi, and treated with the regard due to his rank.

A terrible affliction has fallen upon the good people of Bordeaux in the shape of a plague of caterpillars, which penetrate even into the houses and apartments. What is singular is, that the country districts around the city were never so free from these insects as at this moment.

The Liverpool Corporation have purchased from the Earl of Sefton 360 acres of land to form a new park. They invited landscape gardeners and others to send in designs, and on Wednesday the first premium of 300 guineas, for the designs for the park, was awarded to Messrs E. Andre and L. Hornblower, of Paris and Liverpool; and the second, of 150 guineas, to Mr. Edward Milner, of Sydenham.

London by Night.

A JOURNEY WITH A STRANGE COMPANION.

BY A COMMISSIONAIRE.

On a bright sunshiny morning in the merry month of June, that month of roses, a short, dapper-looking man wended his way along the busy Strand, elbowing this one and being elbowed, much to his disgust, by that.

His face was round, his expression jocund, his manner congenial; from his bosom hung a huge chain, presumably of gold.

It was impossible to take him for anything but what he was, a salubrious, fat, well-to-do tradesman.

After passing the Adelphi theatre, he turned up a small passage, called New Essex passage, and, coming into an open space, was in front of the barracks of the corps of commissionaires.

Opposite the barracks stands a public house which has some historical interest, as it occupies the site of the old "Thatched House"—its present designation.

It portends ill, that the Merry Man, chanced to come to the "Thatched House" in search of Neil Gwynne, and made love to the pretty enchantress in lines fringed with eglantine, while the song of the nightingale made the air melodious.

The landlord of the hostelry, a worthy Boniface, has all this and more set forth in not very choice rhyme, and is particularly proud of his superior knowledge, when interrupted by a zealous antiquary as to the history of the "Thatched House."

Those who are fond of good malt liquor, a quiet pipe, an easy chair, and a lively chat with the most urbane of licensed victuallers, cannot do better than, when having occasion to visit the locality, pay mine host of the "Thatched House" a visit.

The portly individual who had made his way up the court, sought the office or head-quarters, which for poverty of furniture somewhat resembled an orderly room.

"Good morning, Mr. Downs," said the officer, whose duty it was to attend to strangers.

"Have you a trustworthy man within?" asked Mr. Downs.

"A good many, I hope, sir, replied the commissionaire, with a smile.

"I don't want a dozen, my good fellow," cried the tradesman, truthfully: "I want one that you can recommend."

Going to the door, the officer said to a commissionaire, "Send Mr. Love to me."

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

Mr. Downs paced up and down the flagged floor impatiently.

When Love came in Mr. Downs looked at him.

"Have I caught you in a score?" he asked.

"I shall not," replied the officer.

"You can recommend him?"

"Very highly."

"What is his name?"

"Love!"

"Very well; listen to my Love," exclaimed Mr. Downs, "my name's Downs. I'm a provision merchant in the Strand, and I want to send £400 to Mr. John Hingston, of Herod's Foot, near Seaton, Roskear, North Wales. I don't believe in banks or any modern machinery for transmitting money. It must go by hand; that's my peculiarity."

"I'll look after it, sir," replied Love.

"I hope so, for sure. Here is the money, for which I must have a receipt. I have sent a commissionaire on this errand before, so I know the amount of journey and a receipt for a penny. There is the journey money, and there is remuneration for yourself."

Love took the money, gave a receipt for it, which was witnessed by his superior, and Mr. Downs went back to his shop satisfied.

"Station Roskear! where's that?" said Love.

"Somewhere in Cornwallshire," replied the officer. "It's a long out-of-the-way place; they tell me Davidson went there last summer."

"It will be a change."

"Yes, it will be all that. Herod's Foot is nearly twenty miles from Seaton Roskear, and the distance has to be done in a coach. It's a wild country."

"Never mind. It can't be worse than campaigning in the Crimea," said Love, with a laugh.

"You will start by the parliamentary in the morning, I suppose."

"I think that will be the best," replied Love.

That afternoon he made his preparations, and was ready to start at five o'clock the next morning. The train stopped at every station. It was a long weary journey, and Love was not at all sorry when he reached the little station of Seaton Roskear.

He only carried a small carpet bag, containing a few necessaries, as he meant to stop in the country that night, and return to town the next day.

He was a fine fellow, although he did limp a little through having been shot in the groin at the battle of Inkermann, when he fought the Russian hordes as only an Englishman can fight.

Applying to a porter, he said, "How can I get to Herod's Foot?"

"Who do you want there?" asked the country bumpkin.

"What's that to you. How do I get to Herod's Foot?"

"What's that to you," replied the man, imitating him.

Sensing that there was no information to be derived from him, he applied to the station master, and was informed that the coach was on the point of starting.

He found it outside, a square old-fashioned box on four wheels. He was about to take a place outside, when a pretty face looking through one of the windows made him change his determination.

Getting in, he found a young woman was the sole occupant of the carriage. She was very pretty, though her beauty was of the rustic type, full and rosy.

All soldiers are adepts in the art of making love, and Love proved no exception. He commenced a flirtation at once.

"Gider lar, my dear?" he said.

"To Herod's Foot," was the timid reply.

"And who may you be going to see there?"

"I live there."

"We travel together, for I am going to Mr. Hingston's."

"Indeed," said the girl, "I am his niece, Mary Anne Proger."

"I hope our intimacy may prosper, Mary Anne," replied the commissionaire, attempting a joke.

After a little further conversation they became great friends. Mary Anne told him that Mr. Hingston was a great breeder of sheep and beasts; he supplied many tradesmen in London with Welsh mutton, among the number, Mr. Downs, of the Strand.

This accounted for the commissioner's journey.

Herod's Foot was a small village, boasting two publichouses and some shops; several farmhouses stood in the vicinity, Mr. Hingston's was one of them.

As the only passengers in the coach were going to the farm, the driver, thinking thereby to obtain a gratuity, drove them down the road leading to the farm, intending to set them down at the door.

"Tell him to mind the road," said Mary Anne Prosper to her travelling companion.

"Why, my dear?" asked Lovell.

"Because it has only just been broken up for repairing, and there are some ugly holes in places."

Just as he was about to put his head out of the window to give the driver the requisite information, the vehicle gave a lurch and rolled over on its side.

Lovell fell back, and was severely hurt, the woodwork of the coach having struck his wounded side.

Mary Anne Prosper was unhurt; she had leant back, and so escaped the shock.

The driver, with the agility of a mountain goat, jumped down when he felt the coach going over, and was also unhurt.

Between them they extricated Lovell from the carriage, and laid him on the grass by the roadside.

He groaned, and expressed himself too much hurt to be able to walk.

While the driver endeavoured to right his coach, Mary Anne Prosper ran on to the farm to summon Mr. Hingston and some of the servants.

They were quickly on the spot.

"What is the matter, my man," exclaimed Mr. Hingston, a fine specimen of a north country farmer.

"An old wound touched up again, sir, that is all," replied Lovell.

"Where did you get it?"

"At Inkermann."

"I don't mean that; what part of your body?"

"Oh! the groin," said Lovell.

"Can you walk?"

"I am afraid not."

"Mary Anne tells me you were coming to my house with some money from Downs."

"Four hundred pounds, sir. Here it is in my breast-pocket."

"Oh! that's all right, I've no doubt. Now my men, see if you can't right that old tumble-down coach."

The men thus adjured by Mr. Hingston worked with a will, and righted the coach, into which Lovell was placed, and taken on gently to the farm.

A doctor was sent for, and Lovell put to bed. When the medical man arrived he made an examination of the wound, which had begun to slough in its old fashion, and threw off minute splinters of bone.

He recommended rest, a certain diet, and medicines such as he prescribed.

When Lovell heard this he said to Mr. Hingston—"It's a bad job, sir, but I suppose I must go to some hospital for a month or two."

"Hospital be —; that is nonsense, all stuff and nonsense," replied Mr. Hingston.

"What am I to do, sir? I cannot continue to trespass on your generous hospitality."

"But you will though. You'll stay here 'till you get well; that's what you'll do, and Mary Anne shall nurse you; eh! my dear?"

"That I will with pleasure, sir," replied Mary Anne Prosper, thinking.

So that was arranged.

The fact was the handsome soldier had made an impression on Mary Anne; he was a hero; he had been wounded at Inkermann; he had fought boldly for his country; and, Commissioner though he was, Mary Anne adored him.

She nursed him with the assiduous affection of a sister. Every one applauded her zeal and kindness, with the exception of an old tax collector, who happened to be a friend of Mr. Hingston's.

This man, Gramble, was in love with Mary Anne, and flattered himself that she would marry him some day.

But when the handsome commissioner was invalided, he began to smell a rat.

He was powerless to do anything; all he could do was to be more morose than ever, and abuse the army and every one who belonged to it, especially that benevolent organisation, the corps of commissioners.

In time Lovell got better of his hurt, and prepared to return to London. He could not sufficiently thank Mr. Hingston for his kindness, and he really felt a pang of sincere regret on parting with Mary Anne.

The tears stood in her eyes as he wished her good bye, and whispered tender words in her ear, which she greedily drank in.

Active duty in London did not efface from his mind the impression that Mary Anne had made upon him.

It seemed an impossibility that he should see her again, unless Mr. Downs wishes to send more money to Herod's Foot, and selected him, as before to be the messenger.

This really did happen in about ten month's time, consequential as ever, Mr. Downs came and requested the services of a commissioner.

Lovell, having made interest in the right quarter, was selected, received the money, and started off by the train he had used before. It was winter now. The roads were frozen hard, and a dull leaden sky promised a heavy downfall of snow before long.

The coach was in waiting to meet the train.

This time Lovell was the only passenger.

The man touched his hat in recognition of the Commissioner, whom he remembered.

"Cold weather," said the driver.

"Time of year for it, my man; you should have been in the trenches before Sebastopol."

The man grinned, jumped on his box, and drove off. Lovell drew his head in from the window and saw to his great astonishment Mary Anne Prosper seated opposite him.

She certainly was not in the coach when he got in. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, but no, there she was in the flesh apparently, but looking very sad and grave.

"This is really an unexpected pleasure," he said.

"I very often travel by this coach," she replied.

"You have business at Seaton Roskear, I suppose."

"No."

"What is your motive then?"

"I came to meet you," she replied.

"To meet me!" repeated the Commissioner in surprise.

"Yes, I thought you loved me, and would come to tell me so. So I used to go and meet every train."

"Used to."

"I do now sometimes, but not so regularly as formerly," said Mary Anne Prosper.

A dreadful suspicion that she was a little out of her mind, came across Lovell.

"How are our friends at the farm?" he said.

"I have not seen them lately."

"Are you not living there now?"

"No," she replied in a sharp tone, as if not liking this minute cross-questioning.

"Pardon me, if I have annoyed you," said Lovell.

"It is nothing. Will you stop the coach, I must get out here."

"Here."

"If you please."

Rattling against the front window pane Lovell drew the attention of the man, and told him to pull up, which he did promptly.

Mary Anne Prosper allowed him to open the door, and then glided out as if she was an impalpable thing of air, walking upon air.

The spot she had stopped at was a lonely one. A dark looking wood fringed the side of the road.

"Good bye," said Lovell.

Shaking her head mournfully, Mary Anne Prosper made no reply, but walked through a gap in the hedge-back, when she was joined by a man Lovell could have sworn was Gramble, and they disappeared in the inky-black recesses of the wood.

"Did you speak, sir," asked the man.

"Speak!" cried Lovell.

"Yes, I thought I heard your voice, but I didn't catch what you said."

"I was wishing Miss Prosper good bye."

"Mary Anne!" asked the man, opening his eyes wide as they could go.

"Yes," replied Lovell.

"That's a funny start too."

"Didn't you see her?"

"When?"

"Not a moment ago. She has just got out of the coach."

"No, I haven't seen her, though I should like, and I know them too who would like," exclaimed the man.

"That's very odd. You country fellows always keep your eyes half shut," said Lovell, in a tone of annoyance.

The man got on his box again, muttering something which was as unintelligible to Lovell as it had been all Welsh.

Something glittering on the floor caught his eye; it was a silver thimble with the single letter P upon it.

Picking this up, Lovell smiled, and shook off the uneasy feeling which had gradually commenced stealing over him.

"What a fool that man is, to be sure," he said. "It was Mary Anne. Here is her thimble. P is the first letter of her name, and it is engraved as large as life on it."

It was tea time when he reached Herod's Foot, and his old friends were delighted to see him; nevertheless there was a gloom about them which he was at a loss to account for.

"Arrived safely this time, Mr. Lovell," said Mr. Hingston.

"Yes, thank goodness. We can do very well with one accident of that sort in a year."

"Come in to tea. We are all here except Gramble, whom we expect shortly."

"Shall we proceed to business, sir?"

"No; let that wait."

On entering the hospitable farm-house parlour, room was made for him near the fire.

He at once missed Mary Anne Prosper.

"I thought I should get here before Mary Anne," he said.

"Mary Anne! what do you mean? Did she come to you after all?" gasped Mrs. Hingston.

"Is she your wife? Come, that will make amends for all," said Hingston.

"My wife! what do you both mean?" asked Lovell.

The man was simply amazed.

"Have you not heard?"

"I have not heard a word."

"Mary Anne disappeared a month ago, and Gramble says she told him that she was going to meet you. Nothing has been heard or seen of her since."

"Strange," replied Lovell, turning very pale, "for she travelled part of the way from Seaton Roskear in the coach to-day."

"Travelled with you!" repeated Mr. and Mrs. Hingston, in a breath.

"Here is her thimble. I picked it up in the coach," said Lovell, triumphantly displaying the thimble.

While they were eagerly examining it he went on with his narrative.

"She wouldn't come any further than the wood, and when she got out of the coach she went through a gap in the hedge, and was joined by Gramble."

"Gramble!" cried Hingston.

"I saw him distinctly."

"Go on!"

"I haven't much more to say. They disappeared in the wood together; but the most extraordinary part of the story is, the man who drove the coach neither saw her get in or out, and appeared totally unconscious of her presence all the time."

"Very odd!" ejaculated Hingston.

"I don't know what to make of it," said his wife.

The door opened, and in came Gramble. He started at seeing Lovell, but instantly recovered his composure.

"How did you like your walk, Gramble?" cried Hingston.

"Walk! what walk?" answered Gramble.

"Why, the walk in the wood with Mary Anne Prosper."

Never was a man so overcome by a simple speech as he was. Grasping the back of the chair with both hands, he held on grimly, but at last his hold gave way, and he fell on the floor in convulsions, grasping and clutching at the empty air, and foaming at the mouth.

"The man's in a fit," cried Hingston.

"He is subject to them," said Mrs. Hingston.

"It is epilepsy, if I may offer an opinion," observed Lovell.

"I remember a man in my regiment who was subject to similar attacks."

It was fully ten minutes before Gramble came to himself again. Looking wildly around him, his teeth unclenched, and the unearthly blue which had usurped the usual colour of his cheeks vanished.

"How do you find yourself now?" asked Hingston, coldly.

"I'm very bad; I'll go home," he replied.

"No, no; lay where you are a bit."

"What did you mean about Mary Anne and me in the wood?" he demanded, in tremulous accents.

"Why, Lovell saw you together not an hour ago."

Gramble laughed outright, and, rising, said,—

"Oh! that's all; I'm better now. Well, all I can say is, I haven't set eyes on Mary Anne. Those that hide can find."

"You must have been dreaming," said Hingston.

"But the thimble?" said Lovell.

"Ah! there's something in that."

The matter was not pressed much further. Everyone seemed to have a disinclination to touch upon it, especially Gramble.

"You'll stop here to-night," said Hingston.

"If I shan't inconvenience you," returned Lovell.

The next morning Hingston was early at Lovell's door.

"Come for a walk," he exclaimed.

"With pleasure," was the ready reply.

Hingston purposely led the way to the wood, and, pointing to a particular gap, said,—

"Was this the gap through which she went?"

Lovell nodded his head.

He knew very well what Hingston thought and what he meant now.

They walked along a little path for some distance. It got narrower as they went on. The bushes were a little broken in places, and there were signs of a scuffle having taken place.

Seeing a heap of leaves, Hingston fell on his knees, and began to remove them with his hands.

Suddenly he started back: he had discovered a dead body. It was rigid in a frosty embrace, and there were scarcely any signs of decomposition, though traces of violence were frequent enough.

It was Mary Anne Prosper.

"Poor girl!" ejaculated Hingston.

Lovell was much affected.

"I suspected this directly I heard your story," continued Hingston. "The finger of Providence is in this."

Lovell shuddered when he thought of the strange companion with whom he had travelled.

Covering up the clay cold face, they retraced their steps in silence, and walked in melancholy mood along the road.

They had not gone far before they had met Gramble.

Obeying an irresistible impulse, Lovell sprang upon him and bore him to the ground, then allowing him to rise he held him tightly by the collar.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Gramble.

"Come with us and you will see."

"Mr. Hingston, I appeal to you."

"For what?"

"Protection against this violence."

"I cannot help you," said Hingston.

Gramble went calmly enough until the wood was reached; but he resisted most frantically when they tried to induce him to enter.

Lovell had to drag him by main force.

"I will not go," he cried. "I did not do it; you are all liars."

But he was overpowered, and presently the cold glazed eyes of Mary Anne Prosper were before him.

In abject terror the wretch fell upon the hard earth, rolling, grovelling, and squirming in a shapeless heap.

"It was her fault. I did not mean to have hurt her if she would have had me for a husband. You can't prove it; I defy you to bring it home to me."

This was quite sufficient for us.

A short time afterwards Gramble was in the hands of the police, and when fully committed for trial, confessed that he was the murderer of Mary Anne Prosper.

The mystery of Lovell's strange companion was never elucidated, though the appearance of the thimble was explained by the mention of the fact that she had travelled to Seaton Roskear in the coach a short time before her death, and it had been little used since, so that she might have dropped the thimble, which might have been overlooked by everyone till seen by Lovell.

The whole affair was an impenetrable mystery; but Lovell was staunch in his declaration that he was not dreaming.

Prussia has announced her intention of accepting the Conference on the basis of the neutralisation of Luxemburg, provided that the Duchy be not excluded from the Zollverein. M. de Moustier, the French foreign Minister, has made a reassuring declaration to the Corps Legislatif, informing the members that at the approaching Conference all difficulties relating to Luxemburg will be settled upon the basis of the neutralisation of the territory. He added a declaration that the sentiments of all the Governments concerned were such as to afford the assurance of an honourable solution of the present difficulties. The firmness of the Bourne shows that public confidence has greatly increased.

A private of the 74th Highlanders, stationed in Limerick Garrison, named Daniel Macreevy, was drummed out of the regiment, pursuant to an order of a district court martial, which found him guilty of repeated desertions and selling his kit. He was handed over to the civil power and taken in charge by constable King, and removed to the county gaol, there to undergo a term of 12 month's imprisonment.

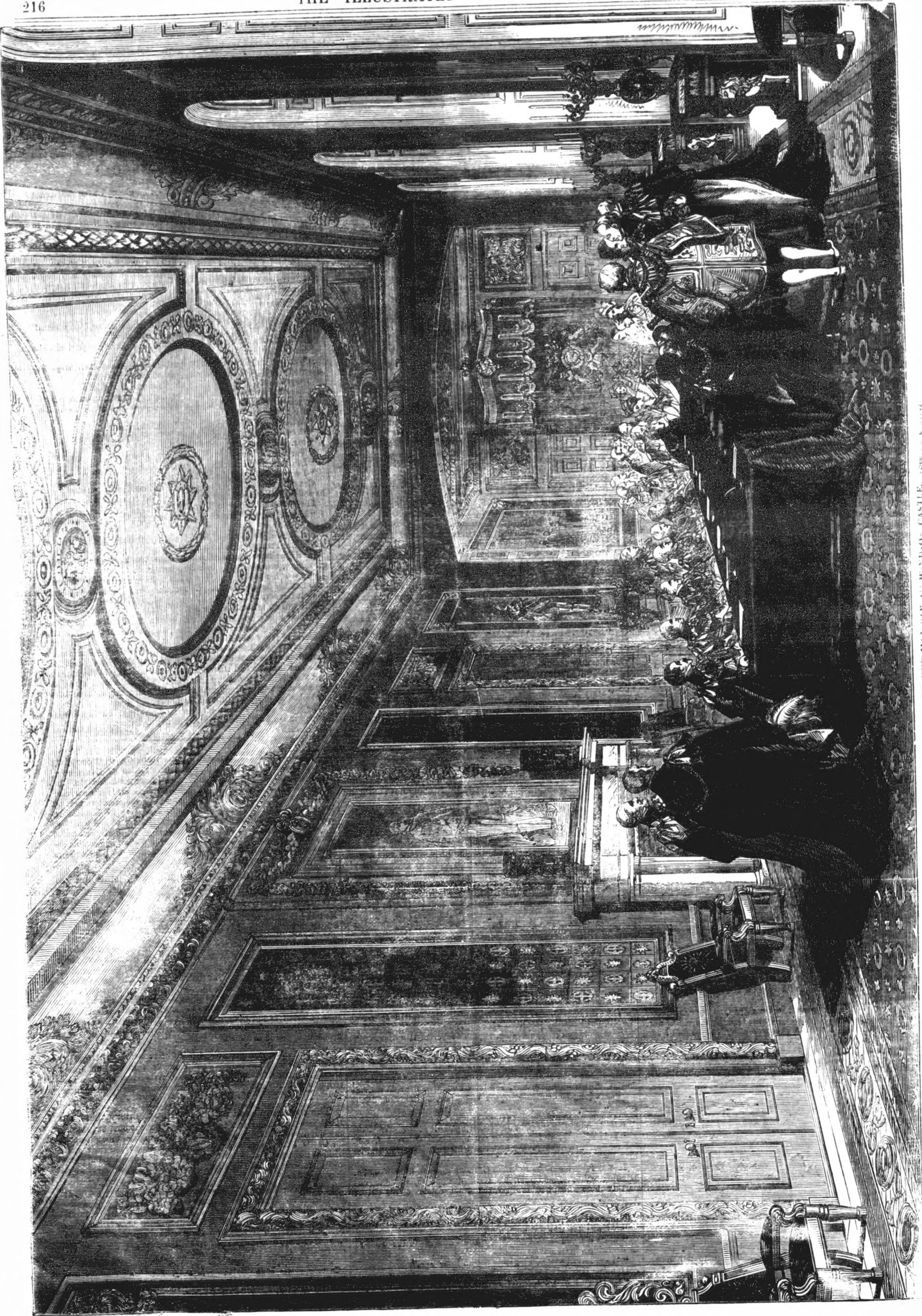
On Saturday last, Wm. Webber, a bricklayer, took a pass on the Bristol and Exeter line, and was told before starting that the train did not stop at the station at which he wished to alight. He, nevertheless, got in, and, on passing Durston, where he wanted to stop, he jumped from the train, which was then travelling at the rate of 40 miles an hour. On the arrival of the train at Taunton, an engine was sent back to look for him, and he was taken to Taunton Hospital. Although much bruised, none of his bones appeared to have been broken.

The *Moniteur* announces that the subscriptions to assist French workmen to visit and study the Paris Exhibition, already exceeds £4,000. The Society of Arts have started a subscription with 100 guineas to assist British workmen in like manner, and desire to receive subscriptions.

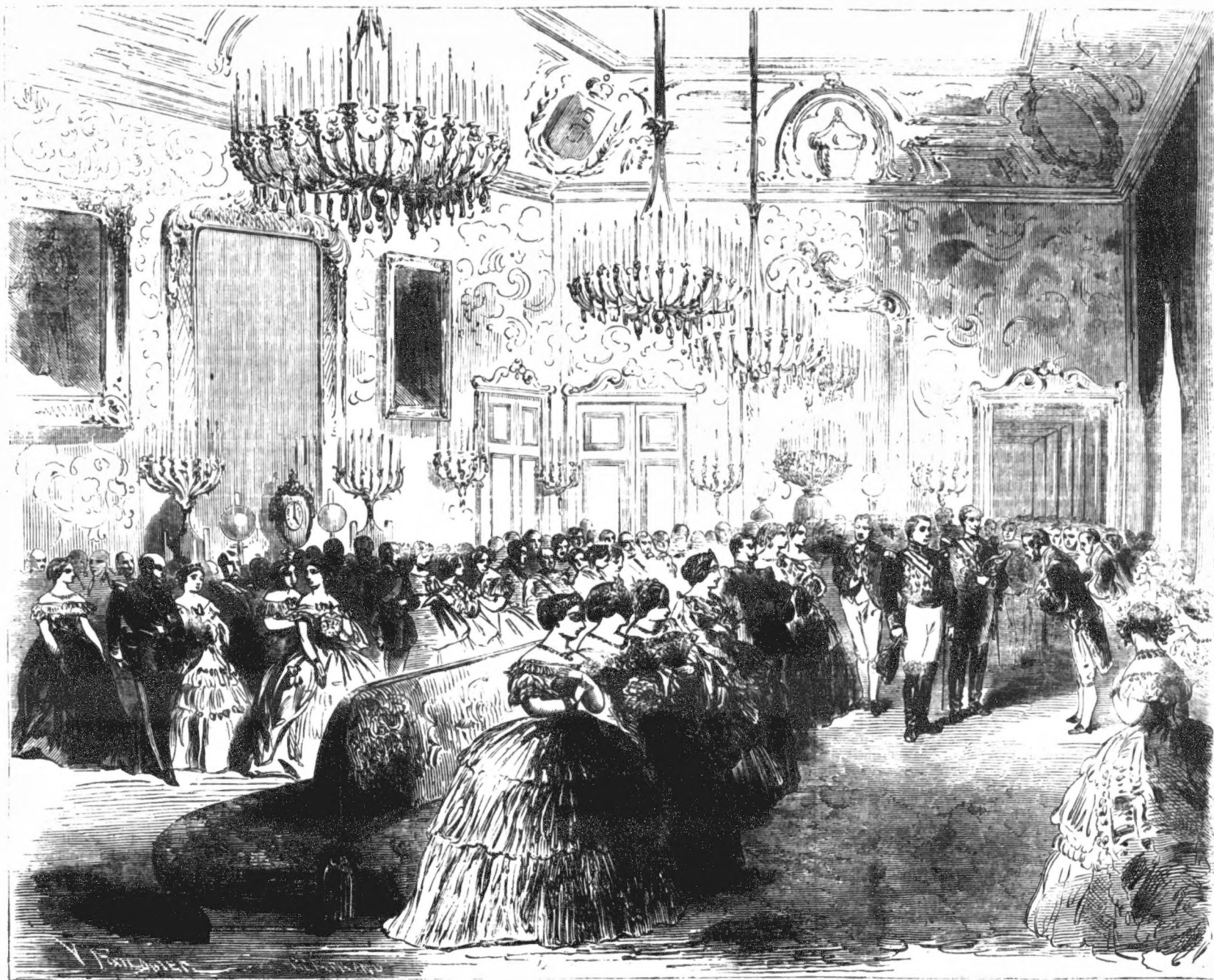
The men employed at the Shotton Colliery, between Hartlepool and Sunderland, to the number of about 300, have struck on a question of privileges. Twelve of the men were brought up at the Castle Eden police-court, on a charge of leaving their work without notice, and were sentenced to suffer a month's imprisonment, but were offered the alternative of returning to work, which they rejected.

It has been decided to have the temporary wooden bridge at Blackfriars re-paved. The notices for the closing of the thoroughfare at Blackfriars will be issued in a few days, when the traffic from the south to the City ordinarily passing over Blackfriars Bridge will have to diverge into the Southwark Bridge Road, and over Southwark Bridge, to reach the northern parts of the metropolis.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advt. Insert.]



INSTALLATION OF KNIGHTS BY HER MAJESTY AT WINDSOR CASTLE. (See page 217.)



GRAND RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR ON EASTER MONDAY.

BOAT RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE great scullers' race between Henry Kelley, of Putney, and Robert Chambers, of Newcastle, for £400 a-side and the championship, took place on the Tyne, at Newcastle, on Monday evening. Extraordinary interest attached to the present match, the fame of both men as the best scullers of their day having long ago spread not only throughout England, but to America and Australia as well. In Newcastle Chambers is the idol of the people as much because of his manly and honourable conduct as a public oarsman as by reason of his great power and skill. Originally a puddler in one of the vast iron factories that cluster on the busy banks of the Tyne, he, like almost all Tynesiders, took to boating as a matter of course, and many were the amateur contests for steaks rather than stakes in which he was victorious, for a supper was most generally the prize at issue between the parties during this the noviciate of the future champion. His name as an amateur having become well-known, he was taken in hand by the Claspers, who were about that time disputing the supremacy of the Thames, and carrying off four-oared races from the very best crews they could meet. Brought out thus by old Harry, Chambers has ever since played the deuce with all his opponents. He has beaten White, Everson, and Kelly for the championship of the Thames, and has defeated Green, the Australian champion, who came from the Antipodes to row him. So numerous and pressing indeed were the challenges for the great Tynesider when in the height of his renown some five or six years ago, that he was never allowed to rest on his oars, but was almost perpetually under the rigid supervision of Clasper, and undergoing the strict discipline which that doughty veteran enjoins upon his pupils. Although a powerfully-built man, and of an iron constitution, the severe work of training and racing told both upon his frame and his temper, and from being one of the most equable of men he became irritable and shaky. Then he was beaten by Kelley, and by Cooper and others, and the sculler who had almost always rowed in triumphantly a winner was, on two or three occasions, seen lagging far and hopelessly behind. He is now more than thirty-six years of age, and has been so carefully prepared for the present event that he was confidently asserted to be in as good condition as ever he was in his best days. In sculling he is noted for the length, power, and machine-like motion of his grand style, and for his dogged perseverance and unflinching courage. Kelley is about the same age, but is a lighter built man. He was a London waterman, and, like his great rival, can point back to a long list of honourable victories over noted oarsmen. He has beaten Chambers, and if the latter beat the Australian champion on the Thames, Kelley, with still greater ease, disposed of Hamill, the American, who came over the Atlantic to row him on the Tyne. Having each beaten the other, each holding the position of champion, and having each disposed of all other competitors, the two met on Monday last for a grand final contest. The event created quite a *furore* in Newcastle,

and so well balanced were the two considered to be that even betting was the figure at which either man was quoted in the morning at least. In style Kelley makes up in skill and speed what he lacks in strength of stroke and length of sweep. A more accomplished sculler and prettier goer never entered a boat. Both the competitors have been honoured with presentations of silver plate by their numerous friends and supporters, and both may now fairly retire, and leave the field open to younger men. Kelley rowed in a boat built for him by Jewitt, of Newcastle; Chambers in one built by Clasper and Bain, now of Lambeth. The course was from the High Level Bridge to Leamington Point, a distance of four miles. The evening was close and warm, and some showers fell during the race. The water, however, was in fine condition for rowing. They got away with a fine start about twenty minutes past five. Kelley soon took the lead. At the Skinner's Barn he took Chambers's water, and from that point Chambers may be described as "out of the race." The Tyne champion pulled a sluggish stroke, while Kelley's sweep was strong and firm. At the Shot Tower Kelley was three lengths ahead. At Clasper's boat-house Chambers was getting more into the rear, and in shooting under Scotswood, he was eighty yards behind Kelley, who had been pulling within himself all the way. Kelley won by above a hundred yards. There were about fifty thousand people present.

After the boat-race a number of persons, calculated to be about 100, while waiting on the Ferry Company's landing on the Quay side, for their passage by boat to Shields, were precipitated into the river by the giving way of the centre of the stage. Several bodies have been recovered, but it is thought that upwards of twenty persons have lost their lives by this awful calamity.

WRECKS ON THE COAST OF IRELAND.

On Monday a return was issued "of the wrecks or other shipping casualties which have occurred on the coast of Ireland for the last three years, ending on the 1st day of January, 1867, into the circumstances of which inquiries have been held under the direction of the Board of Trade; stating in tabular form the name of the vessel wrecked or damaged; the date of the occurrence; the place where the casualty occurred; and the place where the inquiry was held." There were four wrecks in 1864, eleven in 1865, and four in 1866. Of these 19 wrecks 13 took place on the coasts of Wexford, Wicklow, and Dublin, four on the coasts of Cork and Kinsale, and the remaining two in Lough Foyle. The engraving on our front page represents a paddle steamer crossing the Irish Channel in a storm, which is too often prevalent around the Emerald coast.

The washerwomen and laundresses of Rouen are about to "strike."

FENIANISM.

TAMWORTH, which has been brought into prominence by the escape of a Fenian prisoner in its *locale*—more weight being doubtless attached to it on account of the daring way in which the escape was effected, has again resumed its wonted quiet now that the fugitive is again in the hands of the law, after an exciting search of two days. After the prisoner's escape from the down Irish mail train, the officers in whose custody he was—Sergeant William Savage, A division metropolitan police, and Constable Gunning, of the Irish Constabulary, both of whom appeared to be much chagrined at their loss, instituted an active search in the neighbourhood, being also efficiently assisted by the railway officials and the local police. The officers gained no information on Thursday, but on Friday morning they ascertained that he had been to a pawnshop at Atherton, pawned his coat and bought a cap. Nothing further was brought to light until night, when the lodging-houses in that town were searched by the police. They found the fugitive prisoner in one of these houses in bed about 10 p.m. He at first denied he was the man. The officers, however, had found a letter in the house written by the prisoner to his friends, asking them to supply him with money, which, on being made known to him, he at once acknowledged himself to be the man, and answered any questions freely that were put to him. Messrs. Savage and Gunning, who were prosecuting their search for the prisoner at Nuneaton and Rugby, immediately returned to Atherton on receipt of the intelligence of his capture, and took him into their charge again, no doubt with a firm resolve of preventing for the future any other attempts at his acrobatic proclivities. From the prisoner's own statements of his escape, it appears he left the train about three miles north of Tamworth station, instead of south, as the officers surmised; he says he watched his opportunity and dropped the carriage window down, and, placing his knee and hands on the sill, with a cat-like spring shot through the window. He alighted on his feet, then had a few rolls and got up, and, beyond the shaking and a slight scratch on the right side of his forehead, was nothing the worse for his adventure. As the train at the time was travelling fifty miles an hour, it is a most miraculous circumstance now the man escaped with his life. And incredible as the fact seems, any persons after seeing the man would feel quite ready to give credence to his statement, which corresponds in every particular with the statements of the officers from whom he escaped.

On Sunday morning, about half-past five o'clock, the police arrested 112 men who had assembled at the Wharf-road, North-wall for some unlawful purpose. They said they came to witness a prize fight.

On Saturday night, in Grafton-street, a scuffle took place between a disorderly person and the police. The man drew a revolver, and attempted to fire.

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY

CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Second.

A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

CHAPTER XI.—WHAT HAD BECOME OF THE DEAD MAN'S MONEY

Yes, there was Edward Gay, late of Black Lion-lane, Mrs. —'s absconding lodger, tall, dark, and handsome still, though less handsome than he used to be a few short weeks ago; wearing his hair rather longer now, uneven at the ends, and his whiskers less carefully trimmed; having rather a bloated look about his face, a heavy dullness about the eyes, and a blueness about the cheeks, not so careful, either, with regard to his toilet as he used to be—indeed, being rather seedy than otherwise; a little frayed here and there, rather shiny at places, and at others much spotted.

His gloves, too, which had, once upon a time—a very long while ago—been of a delicate straw-colour, were very black at the knuckles and at the finger-ends, the latter being, also, somewhat out of repair. In one hand he carried his hat, and in the other the end of a cigar, which during the interview he once or twice drew at vigorously, although it had gone out before he knocked at the street-door. His trousers, tightly strapped down over botched boots, showed white at the knees; the button-holes of his coat were dragged out of shape, but he wore in one a white rose, that might have been very fresh and beautiful over night, but was now just a little faded, and brown at the edges of its leaves.

It is a happy dispensation of Providence that very seedy persons do not, as a rule, know how seedy they really are; and Mr. Gay fell into graceful attitudes, and arranged his legs, and folded his arms, and used a dirty-looking brown silk pocket-handkerchief, with much elegance, in the early part of his interview with Ruth, evidently labouring under the impression that his appearance was rather imposing, or, at any rate, picturesque.

In the old time—very long ago—the woman who stood before him had thought him a fine, handsome, brave-hearted gentleman, capable only of the noblest sentiments. In those days, a few glittering rings, a pot of pomatum, and a bottle of scent had done wonders in the way of execution upon a heart already more than half won, but now the love lay dead at the bottom of a deep broad gulf, from the other side of which she looked over at him with cold eyes. Dear heart! it were surely better to die than to meet the old love again when Time has worn the poor little romance quite threadbare.

To march away amidst the thumping of drums, the clashing of cymbals, and braying of brass instruments—that must be the grandest exit, and leave behind a recollection not easily effaced. The meanest male creature, in a scarlet coat, with the sun shining on his buttons, and military music jangling round him, must look, in some way, noble and heroic—more particularly when the glimpse obtainable of him is a fleeting one, allowing no time to take in the trumpery details of ill-made clothes and badly-fitting boots—for he is going where glory or a cannon-ball awaits him. He may never return. The tears well up in Beauty's eyes, and dim the vision. The loved one's departing form, blurred though it be, grows grander in its indistinctness. There is a vivid recollection, long retained, of a white face and wistful eyes seen in a burst of thrilling music. A glorious *finale* surely worth dying for, and yet the memory of it is not eternal, and when they come back, some of them, the love has grown cold, the image of the departing hero has faded entirely, he is forgotten, the music has been put away in its green baize covers, and Beauty, all unprepared for sentiment, watches the supplanting of one's blundering entry with cold, speculative eye, and unruffled pulse. And we complain of this—for what? It is in the nature of things that we should go away and be forgotten just as it is the fate of clothes to wear out and grow old-fashioned, or for flowers to fade and gold to tarnish, and we ought to be thankful if it be only when we are away that love dies out; for there is such a thing as wearing it away by one's presence—a humiliating discovery which has been made ere now, although you very young and hopeful ones will scarcely believe me.

They stood for a moment silently—Edward Gay and Ruth Acre—each waiting for the other's first word: the man anxious to know how his advances would be received; the woman, anxious to know how she would be attacked. Gay was the first to break the silence.

"I have had a great deal of trouble to find you," he said. Then as she made no reply, he added, after a pause, "I have been expecting to hear from you."

"Why?" she asked, coldly.

"Why?" he repeated, with a short laugh, "to be sure. That never struck me. I only knew that I was very anxious to see you, and hoped that I might be of some further service."

"No, thank you."

"When the old gentleman died I saw your address in the newspaper, and went to ask for you. But I could not do so until after a day or two, and then you were gone. They said you had gone suddenly, too, and left no address. It almost looked like running away."

"I did not run away from you."

He laughed again: "No; I suppose not. Why should you? Indeed, I don't see why you should run away from anyone, now the old gentleman is dead; because, if there was any inquiry, you might let them know the truth, and clear yourself."

She looked in terror towards the window-curtain which concealed Jack Jeffcoat's form, and made a gesture as though she would have laid her hand in warning upon the doctor's arm. Noticing this movement, and ignorant of its cause, Gay strode towards the door, and, opening it quickly, looked up and down the stairs. Then, satisfied that no one was by to overhear their conversation, he returned and flung himself carelessly upon a sofa.

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, that morning in Norfolk-street," said he, "I've had rather a disappointment. I was within an ace of being rich, and am now rather poorer than ever I was—that's all that's happened to me. Tries a fellow a little, but I suppose one gets used to it."

"What has happened to you?" she asked, after a pause, though with little interest in the tone of her voice.

"I expected a small fortune, that slipped through my fingers at the last moment. My father died the other day, and I expected to get his money, only I didn't. I can't exactly tell you how

it was that I didn't. I thought it was all right enough. Until within three days of his death I knew to a certainty that he had made no will. He was one of those men who have a horror of doing that sort of thing because they think they must, of necessity, die directly afterwards. I had a friend in the house, and, all through his illness, was fretting my life away down in that filthy hole in Bayswater, waiting for the news. At last, I got a letter, and went down to see him. I got there too late; but, if you can understand it, quite soon enough. I missed the paternal blessing—supposing there had been one waiting for me. I expect it would have had a good round curse at the end of it. I found him dead, and that, at the last moment, he had called in a lawyer, and had just had strength enough to scratch me out of my rights with a scrawl of his pen. In spite of that, however, as you may have observed, I have been to some expense in testifying my filial regret at his demise."

He laughed, coarsely, as he thus spoke, and twirling a battered hat upon his left hand he pointed with his right to a black band, which an uninformed spectator would, almost, have supposed had been put on to hide the hat's shabbiness.

The woman he addressed stood, silently, by while he thus talked, and looked from his hat to his face, and then away again, with a slight upward turning of her lip. He, in truth, showed a somewhat contemptible spectacle in her eyes, although with his legs crossed, and lounging easily, he had no notion that he was anything but light, airy, and amusing. It is, in this way, often enough, that the cleverest ones knock nails in their own coffins unwittingly, but oftenest over the festive board, and when quaffing the social glass. It is then that your jolly dog is carried away by the strong current of his friendly feelings, and shatters his tender reputation against the stubborn rocks of conventionality. One must not be too lively out of season, or drunk except in drunken company.

When he had reached this point in his story, Mr. Gay waited for Ruth to make some remark which would show that she had been listening to what he said, but she was silent, and after glancing at her uneasily, he continued in an altered tone—

"The long and short of it is, I am without money. Hard-up—stumped, if I may be allowed the expression. I haven't a penny to bless myself with, and I know nowhere where I can go to get one. So, the other day, when I woke up rather more hungry than usual, I said to myself: How are funds to be raised?—Who will lend me a helping hand?—Have I any friends? I ought to have friends, surely. I have, often enough, had a dozen friends dining at my expense; but one soon forgets that sort of obligation. I have often enough, lent a man a five pound note when he has come to me, and, said he, wanted it. But that's the surest way I know of losing a friend. I have, often enough, done a kind action, without expecting any return. I want a return now. Whom shall I look to? Whom have I served? Well, when I asked myself this question, I thought of you, and I said to myself: Has she forgotten me? I am of no further service to her now; so of course she has."

The colour mounted to Ruth's cheeks, then faded again suddenly.

"I have not forgotten anything," she said, with an effort.

"That is very unlike the rest of the world. But I ought to have known that you would remember. I might have come, long ago, perhaps—but—but I could not make my mind up to speak to you."

"You said, just now, that you had had a great deal of trouble to find me out."

"Yes, yes," replied Gay, in some confusion. "But I did find you out till several days ago, and I have been ashamed to call."

"And now you have overcome that feeling, what do you want?"

He did not relish the way she asked the question, or the question itself, and he saw that there was no end to be gained by beating vaguely about the bush.

"I want money," he said.

She smiled, bitterly: "I am very sorry to hear it—I have none to give you."

"How none?"

"When my grandmother found me, and brought me here, I was very, very poor—almost starving. I should soon have been dead, had she not come to my assistance. She is very kind to me; I live here on her charity."

"That's a description that's only half true. You live here because you have a right to do so. You are her nearest living relation—almost her only relation, unless I am wrongly informed. She is very rich, unless everybody tells lies, and a bit of a miser. It's quite likely now that there's some hundreds of pounds lying about hidden among the rubbish in this house. A few words from you would easily enough persuade the old woman to lend you an odd fifty. You could soon think of a reason for borrowing it, and, if she would"—

"Well?"

"That's your look out. I've nothing to do with that part of the question. I want the money, and must have it."

"Then you will not."

"You defy me, do you? Very well. Now let me show you how I mean to force you."

As she faced him she fixed her eyes firmly upon his face, but her lips trembled a little, and he knew that it was only with the desperation of despair that she struggled.

"I said just now," she continued, "that I had had a good deal of trouble in finding you, but you see I did find you at last, and I would have found you wherever you had been hidden, as long as you were on the surface of the earth. You see I felt savage—as well I might at the way you had treated me. Was it fair? I came when you wanted my help. I did what hardly another man in the world would have done—what hardly another woman would have ventured to ask. I risked everything—good name—life even, to save you, and, then, when it is done, when there is no further need of me, or my certificates, I am thrown on one side. Is that fair?"

"It is not true. You did what you did for a certain price. You said that in payment you must have back the bill which my husband held, and upon which, as you said, he had extorted so much money from you. The obligation was on both sides. You said you were satisfied when we made the bargain."

"It doesn't matter what I said then. What I say now is, I want some more money."

"And what I say is, I have none to give you."

"You must find it then. Come, let me show you my cards, and then you will see that the game is in my hand, if I choose to play. Your husband was murdered, that was clear enough to me, and is suspected now by others, who may not be so easily silenced, unless I help you again. And they ask who did it?"

"You know."

"What has my knowledge got to do with it. People will only look at the facts of the case. Who most benefited by his death? Why you. And how would you account for your running away and hiding in the way you have done? The police once put upon the scent—"

"What do you mean? Is there any danger. We'll, let them come. I will not try to defend myself or run away. I have suffered much, and so long. No; I will fight no longer. Let them do with me what they will."

"You talk as if life were not worth having. You, who are young and beautiful, who will be rich in a few weeks, or months at the utmost. Are you mad?"

"Nearly. I have been almost hunted down. If I cannot find rest here, now, I will try no more. You know what I have suffered. You know how I sold myself to that man who is now dead, because my poor unhappy father was in his power. You know what I endured when, day by day, I saw the cruel insult and humiliation that he was forced to suffer at that wretch's hands. You know how at last, when he had been goaded to despair, he turned upon him and took his life. God forgive him. God knows what he suffered, and I what I have. I say I have no money, I cannot bribe you. If you would see me punished for what my father did, do what you will. I am weary of the battle. I know nothing of a better life in store for me. I have had so wretched a life hitherto, I cannot believe there is much happiness on earth."

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed." Gay watching her with a grim smile, chewed the end of his cigar.

"That's all very fine," he said, breaking a silence of some moments duration, "but I can't be put off with a lot of play-house talk. In your position here you can find the money easy enough. If I could have been in my father's house just before he died, he would never have made the will he did, I would have taken care of that. When you're on the spot you can manage these things. But I must leave that to you. You must get me by to-morrow fifty pounds, or I will tell all I know, and then look out for yourself."

"Look out for yourself too, Mr. Edward Gay," said a strange voice at this juncture, and the doctor, turning quickly, found Jack Jeffcoat standing before him, with a very stern and steadfast look in his eyes that it was unpleasant to meet. "You seem a pretty nice sort of scoundrel," continued the ex-spy, easily; "and quite capable of carrying it all your own way, if nobody interfered, but this lady is not without friends, when there is an occasion for them."

"I know your voice," said Gay, scowling at him, "but I don't know you. Who are you? and where do you come from?"

"I used to be a fellow lodger of yours in Black Lion-lane. I come from behind that curtain."

"You have overheard all, then?"

"Every word."

"So much the better. You see the state of the case. You say this lady has friends. She will require influential ones to escape the unpleasant consequences of what she has done."

"She has done nothing. You know that well enough."

"How? I know nothing. I was not there at the time the murder was done."

"There was no murder done. Upon your own showing the man died a natural death."

"I thought so at the time, but, I now believe, I was mistaken. I have since altered my opinion."

"And you mean to say as much, publicly."

"To be sure. Why not?"

"For what purpose?"

"Revenge, if you have no objection. It is a sentiment one cannot always afford to indulge in. I won't if I am paid to keep quiet. I don't exaggerate my virtue. I am open to a price. I know my secret's worth buying, and I mean to sell it."

"To whom?"

"To this lady or her friends."

"And if they will not buy it?"

"To Lady Lad's nearest living relative."

"It would be wasting money to try to bribe you, then, if you are prepared for all emergencies. If we bribed you, now, you might come, again, in a month's time. It will, therefore, be best to show fight at once, and test your strength. So we refuse to pay you at all, and will wait to see what you can do."

"Very well. My course is clear and simple enough. I was deceived by certain statements into ascribing a wrong cause to Mr. Jabez Acre's death, and from certain circumstances which have since occurred, having been led to believe that I was in error, I think it necessary that there should be a *post mortem* inquiry."

"During the course of which I, for instance, might step forward and assert that you were one of the persons most interested in Mr. Acre's demise."

"If? How so?"

"Because he held a forged promissory note, on which he had advanced you money, supposing it to bear the genuine signature of Everard Hurst."

A yellow shade stole over Mr. Gay's face and his eyes wandered inquiringly towards Ruth, who listened, silently, and in wonder to Jeffcoat's words.

"You seem to know all about it," the doctor said, with an unsuccessful attempt to look self-possessed. But of course I know who is your authority."

"You are mistaken about that," replied Jeffcoat, "if you think that Mrs. Acre and I have spoken together upon the subject. My authority, however, was a good one—it was Everard Hurst himself."

Mr. Gay gave up munching his cigar end, and listened attentively, though without raising his eyes. As, however, Jeffcoat, here, ceased speaking, he, the doctor, presently took a stealthy glance at him as he said,—

"Where did you see him?"

"In Portman-square, to be sure—at his house."

"But he does not live there now."

"No. He went abroad some time ago. I saw him two days before he left town."

"But as the bill was destroyed—the bill, I mean, which you call a forgery—how could he say that it was a forgery?"

"The bill was not destroyed."

"How do you mean?—I tore it up myself."

"And I picked up the pieces."

"Where?"

"On the hearth of the back ground-floor room at Jabez Acre's house, in Norfolk-street."

The questions and replies in this short dialogue had followed with the rapidity that the report follows the flash when one fires a gun, and each answer seemed to tell like a successful shot. Quite breathless then, Gay paused at last, and muttered savagely between his clenched teeth,—

"You seem to know all about my affairs."

"Yes," said the other; "I have taken some pains to learn the particulars relating to Mr. Jabez Acre's death. Now I know the state of the case, and am prepared to act when the investigation comes, which will be before long."

An involuntary movement of Ruth's at this moment spoilt the effect of what would have been Jack's happiest speech. Gay saw that this was a stray shot of his antagonist, and meant to frighten him. He started to his feet, and pressed his hat over his brows.

"If that is your object," he said, "I can point you out the murderer. She is there; and I am ready to maintain what I say in a court of law."

But the words had hardly left his lips when Jack's powerful fingers had closed upon his throat.

"You young thief!" he said, in a low, passionate voice; "Go at once, or I may break your neck down stairs. Do what you like, but if you value a whole skin, do not come here any more."

There was something so threatening in Jack's knitted brows, and his clenched fists were so suggestive of his readiness to carry out what he promised, that Gay moved towards the door without offering any further remark. But upon the threshold he drew himself up, and glared back defiance.

"We only waste words now," he said. "When next we meet I may be more ready to act. You'll find that this has been a bad day's work for you both. But perhaps worse for her."

He walked slowly down stairs, and opened and banged to the street-door after him, heeding not a pale-faced girl he passed in the passage, and who shrank back at his approach, and eyed him curiously.

"They have been quarrelling," she thought. "What about? Perhaps he is jealous of Mr. Jeffcoat."

And she went softly up-stairs, and presently was listening outside the door.

"How can I thank you?" Ruth said, through her tears; "but how did you know all this? What makes you interest yourself in my behalf?"

It was a half-whispered answer that he gave her in reply, and she listened in a sort of wonder, then half rose blushing when he caught her hand.

"From the very first time I saw you I loved you. From that night you snatched me from death upon the river's bank—you recollect, in the street out of the Strand. Do you remember? I had been watching you before, and watched you into a chemist's shop."

"Did you see what I bought? How strange that you should have been a witness of this, for what I bought was the poison with which my husband was killed."

"And you got it?"

"To destroy life, certainly, I am ashamed to acknowledge, but not his; no, wretched creature that I am, it was my own miserable existence that I wished to get rid of, for I could bear the life I was leading no longer, and it was my meeting with you that saved me from the crime. It was the knowledge that our meeting gave me that there was far greater wretchedness existing than my own sorrows that made me pause before it was too late. Had I only thrown the wretched poison into the water my poor unhappy father would not have been able to get possession of it, and all this misery and wretchedness would have been avoided."

The girl, listening at the door, could hardly catch a word of this conversation, which took place in a low tone, but she could understand that Jeffcoat was making some declaration of love; and her heart swelling with rage, she caught at her throat to keep back a scream that seemed firing its way to her lips.

There was no doubt now that she was nothing to him—that she had never been more than a toy, of which he was already wearied.

What could she do? How could she avenge herself? How, indeed! They all treated her as a child. How could a child struggle against grown men and women?

Suddenly she fancied that she heard within the room his footstep approaching the door. Her blinding tears prevented her from seeing what was passing in the room, and a dread of terror of meeting him made her turn suddenly, and run upstairs. Scarcely had she turned the corner, when the drawing-room door opened. She bent over the banisters, and saw Ruth's figure pass out, and descend the stairs alone. Clutching the balustrade in a frenzy of passion, the girl watched her with set teeth and flaming eyes. She passed onwards tranquilly—wholly unconscious of the rage she was exciting, and, as it seemed to Jane, carelessly indifferent to her sufferings.

She waited there for a while, and finding that Jeffcoat still remained in the drawing-room alone, began slowly to descend the stairs. What was she going to do? It would have been impossible for her to have answered the question. Something within her, which seemed stronger than her power of volition drew her onwards.

She longed to see and speak with him, though the thought of the meeting filled her with shrinking terror. She loved him more than ever she did, and yet hated him with a deadly hate. She could have liked to strike him dead, and yet would willingly have herself submitted to the tortures of the Inquisition to have saved his life or won his love.

It seemed to her that the best thing she could do was to see him now for the last time, and then die.

What was her life and coming wealth worth to her now? Only a few short weeks ago there was a glorious future in store for her. But that was all over now. There was no prospect—no hope. The world had come to an end as far as she was concerned, and the light was not worth fighting.

But then the thought occurred to her, Should she allow herself to be thus beaten, and leave the rest happy in their triumph? Surely not without a struggle.

What would they care if she were dead? Was her death of any moment to them? Not it, when they could thus render her life miserable without compunction. No; she must be avenged first, and then it would be time enough to die—if there were really no hope.

But who could say? In spite of all, perhaps, he loved her a little—much less than he loved the other, of course, but yet a little. If he would only love her ever so little she would be content.

And now she had reached the door, had turned the handle, was alone with him in the drawing-room.

He came forward to meet her, radiant with smiles, and with outstretched hands. He took her hands in his, where for a moment she allowed them to rest passive. Then freed herself, and, covering her face, burst into a passionate fit of weeping. In a moment he was sitting by her side, using a hundred tender, coaxing words to soothe her grief. What had he done? What was the matter? She must tell him. She must not cry.

"You love her?" said Jane; "you do not care for me the least in the world. Why is she better than me? She is a widow. She is poor. You think she will have Lady Lat's money, but you are mistaken, she will not have a penny. I am positive of that. I have seen the will. I am to have all. Why do you make me speak in this way? What will you think of me? But I cannot help it. Oh I do love you so. I shall die if you leave me. Upon my soul what I say is true. I am to be an heiress, and, if not, see here. I have not shown it or spoken of it to any one in the world. This is a paper that belonged to my dead father. Look what it says:—Three thousand, four hundred and seventy pounds. Is not that a

great sum? Well, it is mine, and I will give it to you. You understand how to get the money. It is all yours. Oh dear Mr. Jeffcoat you will love me a little—a very little. I could die for you. I could do anything. You think me a child; but you do not know how I can love and hate."

But he was silent, and had dropped her hands. The twilight filling the room seemed to deepen upon his averted face, and hid from her the sickening horror distorting his features, for now the truth was clear to him, and the mystery at an end.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

(To be continued.)

THE FENIAN TRIALS.

THE Attorney-General opened the case for the Crown against "General" Burke and Patrick Doran.—Patrick Keogh, the first witness for the prosecution, was examined by the Solicitor-General. He is about twenty-five years of age, and a tailor by trade. He deposed that he was sworn into the Fenian Brotherhood in 1863, by a person named Bryan, a shoemaker in Francis-street, who was a "comrade," with 50 or 60 men in his circle.

The next witness introduced was the person known as General Massey. *The Times* correspondent says:—"Massey is the most gentlemanly-looking person who has yet appeared in connection with the recent Fenian movement. He was dressed in a suit of fine black cloth, with a smart frock coat, which he wore open, and a folding vest like which is worn in this country at evening parties. His hair is black, with a lofty tuft surmounting a good forehead. He formerly wore a large black beard, which he has shaved off since his arrest, leaving an imperial and moustache. His complexion is rather sallow, his features regular and handsome. His voice is agreeable, but betrays a Limerick brogue, modified by the American accent, especially in the word 'No,' which he sounds as if it was spelt 'Naugh.' From his examination by Mr. McDonogh, Q.C., and his cross-examination by Mr. Butt, it appears that he is a native of the county Limerick, born near Doonag, where he lived with his mother till he was twelve years old, and was known by the name of Patrick Conlon, and after that time as Godfrey Massey, the name of his father. He supposed he was baptised, but could not tell where. He appealed to the Court for protection against being obliged to bring his family into this business, but was told that he must answer the questions. Witness left New York for England in January last, via Portland. Before leaving he received from Colonel Kelly £550 in gold, British money, to be distributed among the officers, some of whom were gone, and others were to follow. He landed first at Liverpool, and after staying there a day went on to London, where he met the prisoner at the bar, Colonel Thomas Burke, a one of the officers whose names had been dictated to him by Colonel Kelly, and to whom Tipperary had been assigned as his district. Colonel Kelly's lodgings in London were at 5, Upper Crescent, Change-street. Massey next came to Dublin and put up at the Angel Hotel, and the day after his arrival met twenty Dublin 'centres,' who gave returns showing the numerical strength of the Fenian army to be 11,000 men, with 3,000 weapons. He then went to Cork, stopping at the Italian Hotel. On the night of his arrival he attended a Fenian meeting held in the outskirts of the city, when he received a return of 21,000 men and 15,000 weapons, mostly spears, as the strength of the army in Cork. He then returned to Dublin and proceeded to London, where he arrived on Sunday, and repaired to the lodgings of Colonel Kelly, from whom he got more money, having exhausted the £550. Kelly ordered that the railway centres, such as the Limerick Junction, were to be destroyed, if they could not be held, and that a system of guerilla warfare was to be maintained. Massey immediately returned to Dublin, and met the twenty centres, and announced to O'Brien that the 5th of March had been fixed for the rising of the Commander-in-Chief (Colonel Kelly). He started for Cork next day, where he saw O'Mahoney, and made the same announcement to him. He then left Cork for the Limerick Junction, intending to mass there as many Fenian troops as possible. Witness was to mobilise the insurgents, but the moment he stepped on the platform he was arrested. The newspapers stated that he was sworn; he did not know whether he did or not, but if he did he was sorry that he ever recovered. He was arrested on Monday, and before the following Sunday he gave information—first, partially, and then more fully. Massey added that he gave information 'because he had himself been betrayed.' All the directions for the rising on the 5th were given to the centres exclusively by him, acting under the orders of Colonel Kelly.

The next witness was John G. Corydon, who described himself as a clerk, residing formerly at Liverpool. He gave his evidence in the most unhesitating manner, seeming perfectly unconscious that the account he was giving of his own treachery was in the slightest degree discreditable. He said he saw the prisoner Burke at a meeting of the Brotherhood in New York.

The case for the Crown having closed, Mr. Butt addressed the court, on Monday, for the defence, taking the technical point, in the case of Burke, that he was entitled to acquittal on the ground that no overt act could be proved against him in Tipperary, without first having an overt act proved against him with the venue—that is, the county of Dublin—which was not done. The other counsel for the defence also addressed the court, and on Wednesday the Lord Chief Justice summed up.—The jury retired at half-past two o'clock, and at six o'clock returned with a verdict of Guilty against both prisoners, recommending Doran to the favourable consideration of the court. Burke said he had nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to withdraw. He denounced the informer Massey in the fiercest manner, and prayed that the earth might deny him a grave and Heaven a God—his breast would hereafter be a living hell. He declared that as long as the British flag floated over an inch of Ireland the people would conspire to overthrow England's power. He expressed his willingness to die for and hoped that liberty would yet dawn on his afflicted country. Doran also addressed the court, and impugned the accuracy of the evidence given by Sheridan as to his having been in charge of the riflemen on the night in question.—Their lordships returned to their room, and after a short absence the Lord Chief Justice passed sentence of death in the usual form—that they should be hanged, beheaded, and quartered, the sentence to be carried out on the 29th of May.

The case for the Crown, in the prosecution of John McCafferty, has closed. Evidence of the Tailgate rising was objected to by the prisoner's counsel, on the ground that it took place after his arrest. The court allowed the evidence to be given, but thought the question one of such magnitude that they would consider afterwards whether they should reserve it for the Court of Criminal Appeal. The Chief Justice said that if the point were reserved, he would take measures to have it promptly decided.

The Queen has walked and drove in the grounds at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Louise.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

Steven Hopkins, of 33, Oxenden-street, Haymarket, described as a commission agent, and John Ambrose, of 22, Nassau-street, Middlesex Hospital, the former charged with keeping the house No. 33, Oxenden-street for the purpose of betting with persons resorting thereto, and the latter with assisting in conducting a betting-house, appeared in answer to their bail. Mr. Sleight appeared for the defence. The evidence of Superintendent Hannant and Sergeant Shillingford, taken on the last occasion, having been read over, Mr. Sleight said that, acting on his advice, the defendants would withdraw their plea of not guilty, and admit having infringed the Act of Parliament. On behalf of the defendants he felt bound to state, without fear of contradiction, that, for persons in their sphere of life, they were men of great respectability, and had conducted their business without previous complaint and in a very honourable manner. There was no doubt that bets had been made by them in such a manner as brought them within the meaning of the statute. He (Mr. Sleight) was not there to justify an infraction of the law, but when it was known that betting was carried on to an enormous extent in London, and that racecourses were infested by a gang of persons who received people's money, and never intended to pay their bets when they lost, he did feel that there was something like sound sense in the remark made by one of the defendants, that he considered it hard that persons should be allowed to bet in the streets and Hyde Park who never intended to pay persons when they lost, while respectable persons who intended to pay should not be allowed to do so, and should be interfered with. The defendants were really in the hands of the magistrate for him to deal with them as he thought fit, but he (Mr. Sleight) did hope, on their promising not to violate the law, and giving up the house, that it would be considered that sufficient had been done. Mr. Knox observed that it certainly did seem anomalous that a parcel of vagabonds should collect in Hyde Park and e-caps scot free, while others were interfered with; but he hoped that the Legislature, before long, would set that to rights. While agreeing so far with the defendants, Mr. Hopkins, who had been carrying on business some time, must have been fully aware of the Act and the consequences of infringing it. The fines for keeping a betting house ran up to £100, and an offender could be imprisoned for six months without a fine. He believed the defendant Hopkins had been carrying on the business a long time. Superintendent Hannant said that was the case. Mr. Knox said that the evil was that servants and boys made bets with their employers' money, and, but for the temptation offered them by such places to do so would not take the money. He should fine Hopkins for keeping the house £25, and Ambrose for assisting in doing so £10. The fines were immediately paid.

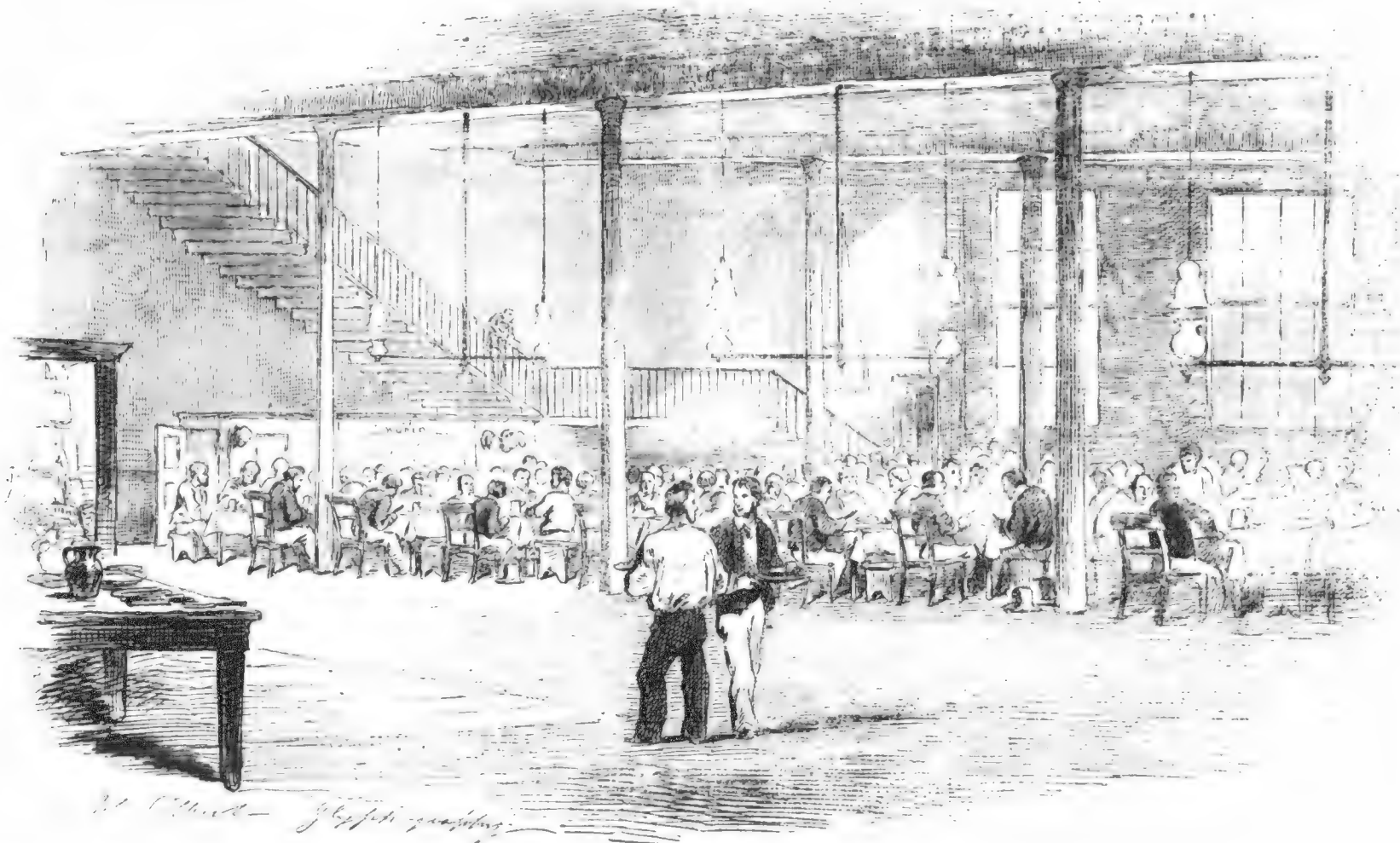
Henry Morgan, a respectfully-dressed young man, described as a steward, was charged with attempting to commit suicide. George Cross, a city constable on duty on London-bridge, saw the prisoner descending the flight of stairs leading to the river, near Fishmongers'-hall, with a ponderous stone tied round his neck. He asked what he was doing there, but receiving no answer, called the attention of some watermen to him. Suspecting the prisoner's object, the constable followed him down the stairs, and found him hanging by the neck to some railings, across which the stone was slung. The stone was fastened tightly round his neck, and he must soon have died. On being cut down the prisoner explained that he was homeless. Upon him was found a scrap of paper, on which was written in pencil—"After a severe struggle I am forced to acknowledge that I am one too many in the world. Instead of *Requiescat in pace*, it must be *fido de se*." The prisoner was remanded.

EXSUALTY AND CRIME.

On Saturday morning the Middlesex coroner held an inquiry at the Blakeney's dead Tavern, Poplar, respecting the suicide of Mr. John Messers, aged 75 years. From the evidence it appeared that the deceased was a surgeon in practice at Poplar. He was last seen alive on Monday night. He was then, in a very distressed state of mind. He said that he could never survive the effects of what he had done. He had sold his practice for bills of no value in comparison with his business. He said that he would never get over it. He spoke with great feeling of having to leave so many dear friends, and he said, "And now I have to go and introduce this man to all of them." The deceased had never threatened to commit suicide; but it was suspected that he might poison himself, and therefore all the poisons were removed out of the surgery. On Tuesday his medical attendant called upon him, and upon going upstairs found the door locked. It was burst open, and the deceased was found lying on the floor, with a razor lying near him. His throat was cut from left to right. The gash was a very severe one, and must have caused instantaneous death. Shortly before the occurrence the deceased had asked his wife for a glass of wine. He made that request in order that he might be able to get her out of the room. A gentleman in court said that a fortnight before the deceased's death he had come up to him in the street and said, "I am not long for this world—when I die will you take all my property?" The deceased has left nothing to this gentleman in his will. The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

A fire took place on Sunday morning in a house in Bermondsey-street, tenanted by Mr. Valentine, and sublet to several lodgers. The flames spread rapidly, and with great difficulty several persons were rescued. A poor old man, named Lucas, who had been bedridden for upwards of two years, could not be got out of the house until the flames were subdued, when he was found frightfully burned, and dead. The housekeeper was severely burnt about her head and face. The under portion of the premises was destroyed, and the upper portion much damaged.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months, coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strain's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the faculty, our medicine was first used by the French (the father of medicine to the hospitalists).—See *Medical Method*, vol. 2, page 184. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers from the want of an efficient remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strain, operative chemist, 269, East-street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Laming, and Co., Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 150, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheap-side.—Adv.



SKETCH OF THE SAILORS' HOME, RATCLIFF.

THE TRAGEDY AT BUCKHURST HILL.

On Tuesday, the prisoner, Frederick Alexander Watkins, who attempted to murder Matilda Griggs, was conveyed from Ilford Jail to Waltham Abbey police-court. The accused was handcuffed, and he was in the custody of Mr. Stringer, the governor of the jail. At different points along the country roads small crowds of people congregated for the purpose of seeing the prisoner as he was driven past; but the sightseers were disappointed, as the governor had taken the precaution of placing the accused in a private fly. The crowds at Waltham Abbey were very dense, and when the prisoner alighted from the fly, he was eagerly watched by the crowd congregated outside the police-station. The young man was very much changed in his appearance. His countenance was pale, and he looked very sorrowful. When he was placed in the cell he began to walk up and down in an hurried and anxious manner, and he continued to do so until he was placed at the bar. His solicitor, Mr. Abrams, had a short consultation with him while he was in the cell.

The court was densely crowded with spectators, and there were several ladies present. Mr. Abrams, of Bow-street, London, appeared to defend the prisoner.

It was stated that since the last sitting of the Court a gentleman had written an anonymous letter to the magistrates, giving it as his opinion that there was no necessity for the Bench to await the recovery of the young girl, Matilda Griggs, for the purpose of taking her evidence before they committed the accused. The writer suggested that the magistrates should adopt that course, and he said that he could see no necessity for the magistrates hearing the girl's evidence, or allowing her to be cross-examined. The letter, which was almost a lecture upon law and duty to the magistrates, was signed "A Barrister." It was said to be most improper to address such communications to a Bench engaged in the investigation of so very serious a charge.

Mr. Abrams: I appear, as before, on behalf of the prisoner, and I presume, as the prosecutrix is not well enough to give evidence to-day, the accused will be remanded after the evidence of Dr. Horne has been taken as to the state of the young girl.

Clerk: Will you tell us how the girl is progressing?

Dr. Horne: She was pro-

gressing favourably up to Friday last, when serious head symptoms supervened, but since Sunday another change has taken place, and he is now better.

Mr. Abrams: Do you now think that all chance of danger is over?

Dr. Horne: I cannot go so far as to say that she is entirely out of danger, but I think that if things go on favourably she will be out of danger next Tuesday.

The Bench then remanded the prisoner.

SKETCH OF THE SAILORS' HOME, RATCLIFF.

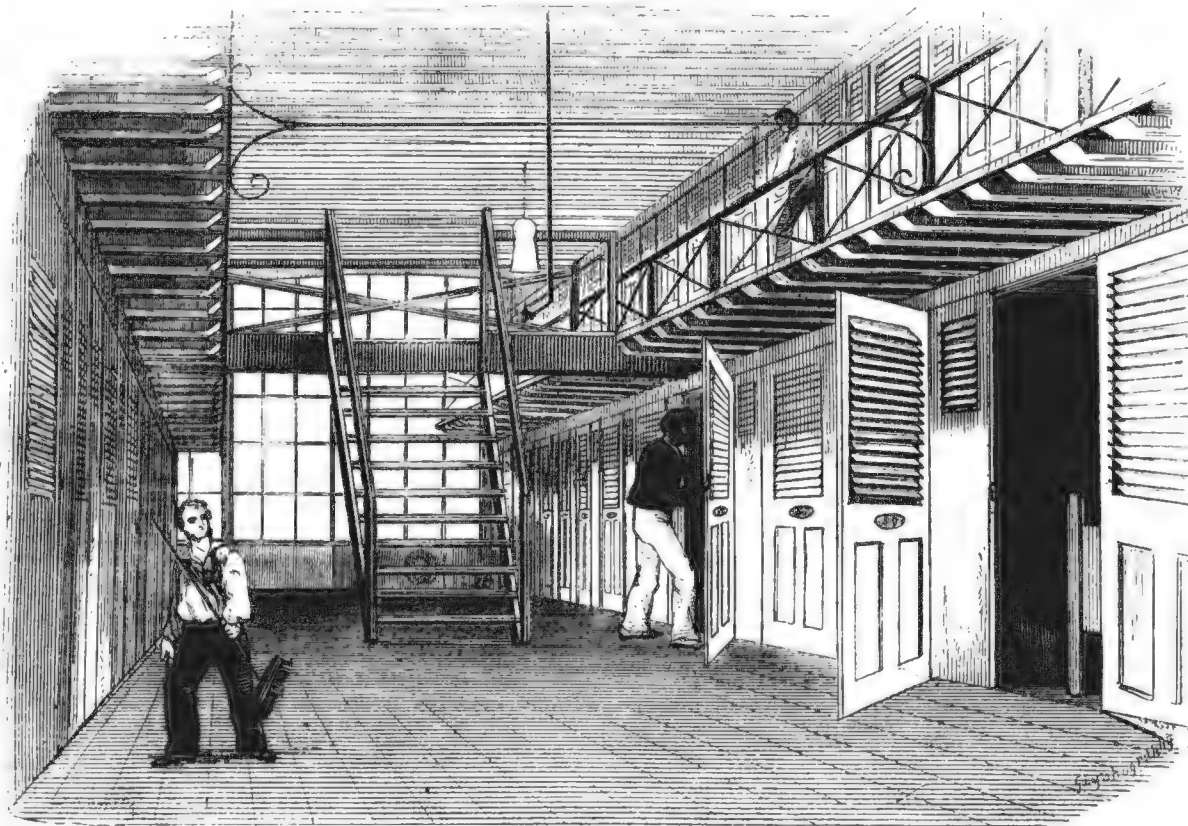
This institution occupies the site of the Brunswick Theatre, the roof of which fell in during a rehearsal three days after its opening in 1827, when ten persons were killed in the ruins. The Sailors' Home was opened in 1835, and since then tens of thousands of mariners have had cause to bless such an institution, which is, indeed, a home to them after having been paid off from one ship or voyage, and before entering on another. Here they can neither be fleeced nor robbed. Everything is arranged for the sailors' com-

fort, and well they know how to appreciate it. Our illustrations show the dining-hall and the dormitories.

THE QUEEN AND THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

THE *Journal de Paris* gives certain particulars, on the authority of a London correspondent, relative to the influence exerted by Queen Victoria in the Luxemburg dispute. The Queen, the writer states, wrote to the Emperor Napoleon before writing to the King of Prussia, and used the arguments most calculated to divert him from the warlike projects ascribed to him by public opinion:—"This letter, impressed with the religious and almost mystic sentiments which predominate the Queen's mind, particularly since the death of Prince Albert, seems to have made a deep impression on the Sovereign who, amid the struggles of politics, has never completely repudiated the philanthropic theories of his youth, and who, on the battlefield of Solferino, covered with the dead and the wounded, was seized with an unspeakable horror of war." The *Journal de Paris* adds: "The counsels of the Queen of England found not only King William, but his minister, in a disposition less

warlike than people imagined, and it was then, with the prompt decision which characterises him, that M. de Bismarck suddenly modified his policy in a pacific sense, though probably he will astonish the world by some new change should circumstances favour him."



DORMITORY OF THE SAILORS' HOME, RATCLIFF.

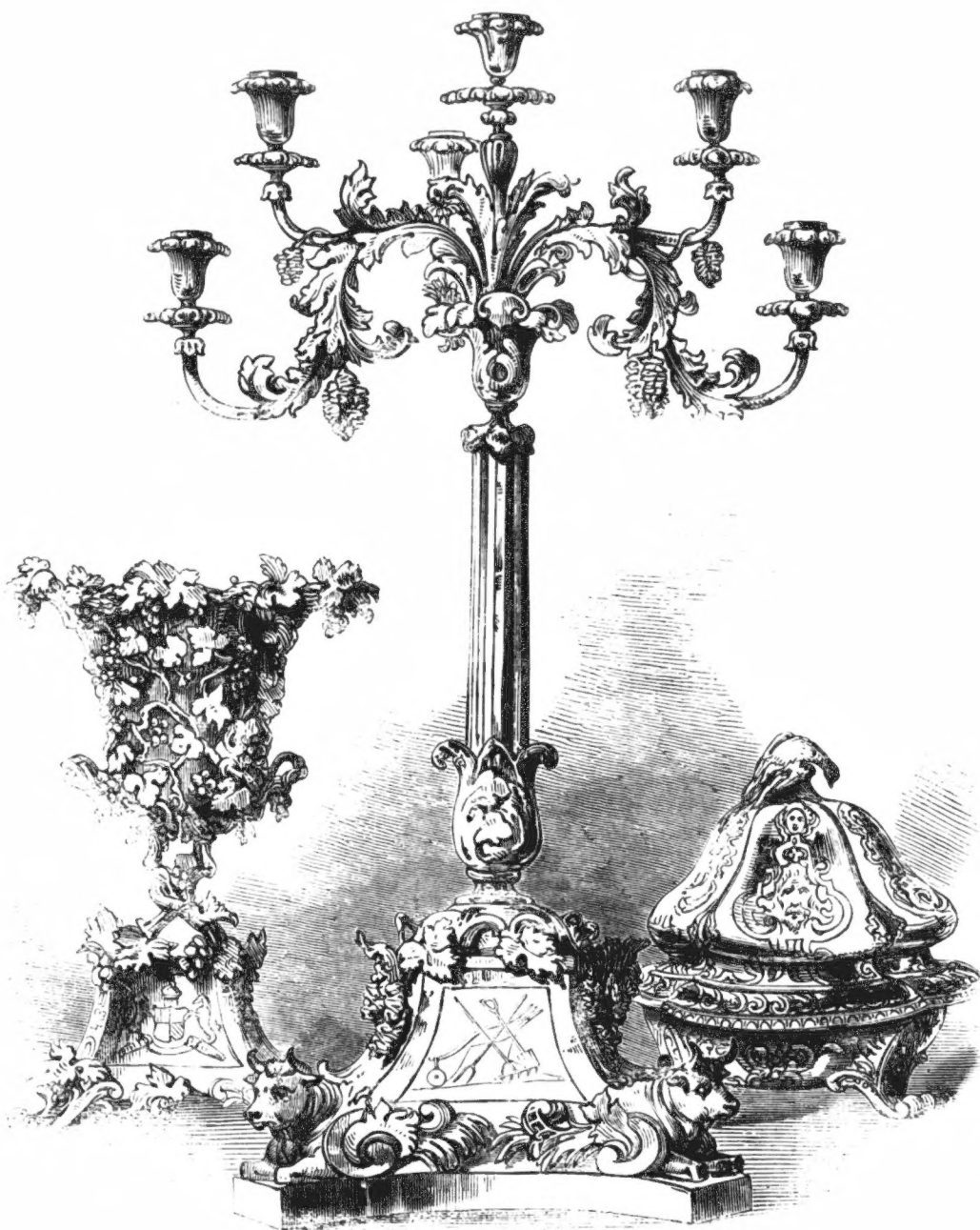
THE CATTLE PLAGUE IN HOLLAND.—POPULAR RIOT.—Advices from the Hague state that some cases of cattle disease having appeared on a farm at Schooneveld, the authorities proceeded in accordance with the law to slaughter the animals affected. The country people assembled, and showed a disposition to prevent them by violence. Efforts were made to induce the crowd to disperse, but without effect, and at last the military were called out. The people then commenced throwing stones and other missiles, and at last three summonses were made to them to retire. They, however, continued their aggressive movements, and several of the military were injured. At last an order was given to the soldiers to fire, and, on their doing so, two of the assailants were killed, and two others seriously wounded.



WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A FRENCH JUVENILE BALL.

A juvenile ball was given last week at the Louvre, where an excited crowd of miniature kings, queens, courtiers, pierrots, and shepherdesses danced to the gay strains of Strauss's band in the saloons of the Grand Ecuyer of Louis Napoleon. A grand, costume ball was given by General Fleury's two little sons, who, proudly wearing the braided coats of gendarmes of Louis XV., were posted in the outer salon to receive their guests. The exterior staircase and portico of the Cour Caulaincourt were blazing with gas, the central basin, into which bronze monsters spouted illuminated jets of water, was decorated with masses of flowers, and from eight o'clock in the evening a long file of carriages deposited on the steps innumerable groups of masks, whose small hearts beat, some timidly, some boldly, and all impatiently, under their satins and jewels. General and M^{me}. Fleury seconded their children in doing the honours, and after welcoming the visitors with kisses, sent them on towards the grand saloon, where the musicians, in pink dominoes, were playing quadrilles and polkas. Many of the juvenile cavaliers showed decided symptoms of bashfulness, which were not abated by the various difficulties arising from spurs catching in little trains, and swords getting irritatingly into the way of small legs. But their masculine courage soon returned, for half an hour later the understanding seemed perfect everywhere, conversation ran high, and a Robinson Crusoe, with a big umbrella, was enthusiastically proposing to a Queen of Chess a delightful sojourn in a desert island. A comic piece was enacted by an actor and actress of the Palais Royal. Fanfan Bessitor, the clever baby of the Vaudeville, played her best scenes, and then threw herself into the arms of a Guardsman, who carried her off in a gallop, and the evening ended with a giddy *ronde*, in which a few grown up people joined, for even elder feet tingle impatiently after four hours of Strauss's gayest music.



WORKS OF ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

THE Easter receptions by the Emperor have been more than usually numerous this season in consequence of the Paris Exhibition; and had not "rumours of war" occupied so much of Parisian attention, they would have been still more numerous. As it is, they have been well attended, and scarce a week passes but there is a reception very similar to that given on page 217.

THE *North German Gazette* publishes an article, in which it again draws attention to the active continuance of military preparations in France. It particularly points to the incessant manufacture of munitions which is going on at Belfort, and adds that, at that fortress, as well as at Metz and Strasburg, large quantities of war material have been collected, especially including pontoon trains, by means of which a large number of bridges could be thrown over the Rhine. It also points out that the improvement of the existing fortifications and the erection of new ones, on the French eastern frontier, are being carried on, and says:—"It will soon be seen whether the statements of the *Patrie* are correct, and that these preparations had already been ordered before the publication of the note upon the subject in the *Moniteur*, and that their execution can only gradually be stopped."

THE Malta papers announce the death of Mr. William Borg, merchant, of Malta, under the following melancholy circumstances. The deceased gentleman was at dinner, when a small fish bone passed down his throat as far as the stomach. He was for nine days in great agony, when he expired. He was seen by a medical man a quarter of an hour before his death, but no signs of dissolution were then apparent. The deceased, who leaves a widow and two children, was the son of the Hon. Vincent Borg, cashier to the Government.

THE United States Ambassador to the Court of Berlin is seriously ill.

LONDON GOSSIP.

"We have reason to believe," says the *Hip* "that unless a petition, on the eve of presentation from the employees of the London General Omnibus Company, be complied with, a general strike among the conductors and drivers will take place before the end of the month."

The Prince of Wales's Yacht Club match, which was to have opened the metropolitan season on Tuesday next, is at present deferred. Owing to the early period at which the race was fixed, and other causes, there have not been sufficient entries to constitute a race agreeably with the laws of the club.

We do not know if buying clothes is a sign of an intention to fight. If it be, the tailors' workmen are doing their best to prevent quarrels and promote peace. But, in fact, we have heard that the Prussian Government has given orders to Messrs. Tait, of Limerick, for 300,000 suits of clothes for their soldiers, and we state the matter with all needful reserves. The "broad-backed Pomeranians" take a good deal of cloth.

The *British Medical Journal* says that one of its correspondents, reading in a contemporary advertisement offering a diploma for sale, wrote to the advertiser to make inquiries as to the terms on which the article could be obtained, and received the following reply:—"Sir,—If you will drop a line stating any hour you can call and see the diploma, I shall be at home for that purpose. It is surgical, issued from New York, and also confers M.D. as well. The price is £7.—Yours, &c., M. Hammond, 20, Herbert-street, Hoxton."

A case of libel against the *Standard* newspaper has been tried in the Court of Exchequer. The libel complained of consisted in the publication of a report of the adjourned hearing of a police case, in which the plaintiff in this case figured as defendant. The second report published in the *Standard* gave the words of the summons, but did not mention the answer which the defendant offered. The verdict was eventually given for the *Standard*, on the ground that the report was a fair one, and was to be read as part of the former account of the same case.

Mr. Walpole and Sir Richard Mayne appear to be at cross purposes with each other. On Monday night Mr. Yorke observed in the House of Commons that there was a rumour that costermongers' carts and cabs were being admitted into Hyde Park during the Reform meeting, and asked whether the practice would be continued. Mr. Walpole replied that the regulations usually in force in the park had not been relaxed, and that if any such intruders should find their way into the park the police had strict orders to remove them. Nevertheless, the park was crowded last night with costermongers' carts, and cabs circulated freely along its roads.

The absence of an international copyright law between this country and the United States sometimes gives occasion for the display of honourable dealing by individual publishers. Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, having recently sent to Mr. Charles Dickens £200 as part profits of a "diamond edition" of his works, have been mentioned by that author in a letter to an American friend in the following terms:—"I think you know how high and far beyond the money's worth I esteem this act of manhood, delicacy, and honour. I have never derived greater pleasure from the receipt of money in all my life." But is it not a grave anomaly that the American Government should still subject its publishers to the satire implied in being thanked so warmly for discharging the mere obligations of common honesty?

At the recent drawing for the next marriage portion of £100, under the singular bequest of Mr. Henry Raine, a brewer, of Wapping, who died upwards of a century and a half ago, there were two candidates—namely, Matilda Watson (the third time of drawing), and Charlotte Louisa Knight, who had drawn twice before, but failed, Matilda Watson was the successful candidate for hymeneal honour and Mr. Raine's han some dowry. In accordance with the provisions of the will, Watson may be married on the 5th of November next, provided that her suitor is found by the trustees to be a man of good character, and now residing in the parish of St. George-in-the-East, Wapping, or the contiguous parish of Shadwell.

The statement which has gone forth that the whole of the British Army had been supplied with the Snider rifle is absurdly premature, very many regiments of the line as well as the ordnance corps, being still furnished with the old-fashioned muzzle-loader. Among the first to receive the new weapon were the men of the Woolwich Division of Royal Marines, who have been learning the new drill for a month past, and have this week been practising with the breech-loader at the targets. The reports both as to the rifle and the Boxer cartridge have been most favourable. The shooting has been exceptionally good, and out of 7,600 rounds there have been only three mis-fires.

It is stated that the inefficiency of some of the brigadiers at the last review was most conspicuous. One excellent gentleman conceived he could do his duty on foot. It need not be said how much such a course prevented his being in any way in command of his brigade. Other brigadiers had no brigade-majors—if they had, the generals' aides-de-camp could not find them. There were some brigadiers who did not understand the orders, others who understood but could not execute them, one at least spent a good deal of his time in wrangling with his subordinates. It is hard to find a remedy for these evils. The *amour propre* of the volunteers must not be hurt, and they like to have their own brigadiers,—so the brigadiers say.

Another court-martial vagary has been shown at Aldershot. Some three or four weeks since, as a party of the 1st Battalion, 18th Royal Irish, were engaged in firing practice at Aldershot, a man named Coleman was accidentally shot by a comrade of the name of Halpin. The circumstances under which the accident occurred were peculiar, and the grave result required investigation. There was no imputation that the shot was fired by design, nor was even culpable negligence attributed to the man. But it was thought necessary that he should be tried for something, and so he was arraigned on a charge of "making away with one round of ammunition, was found guilty, and sentenced to forty-two days' imprisonment. On the proceedings of the court being confirmed, one half the sentence was, however, remitted.

On Saturday last a deputation waited on the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at Downing-street, for the purpose of presenting and supporting a memorial on behalf of the University of Glasgow. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were accompanied by the Lord Advocate of Scotland; Mr. Hunt, Secretary to the Treasury; and Sir Graham

Montgomery, one of the Lords of the Treasury. The Duke of Montrose, Chancellor of the University, introduced the deputation, and the Lord Justice Clerk, rector, was the principal spokesman. He urged that the university might be assisted by a public grant in their object of erecting new buildings. Lord Derby promised that the memorial should be favourably considered, and he hoped that the Government would be soon able to state the course they would adopt. The deputation thanked the noble earl for his courteous reception of them, and withdrew.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

A French Commissioner has arrived in this country to purchase horses for the French Government.

"Cholera has again made its appearance in Paris. We learn on good authority," says the *Lauch*, "that seven or eight cases have occurred, and one death taken place."

A despatch from St. Petersburg published at Brussels, states that the Empress Alexander intends to visit Paris at the end of May or the beginning of June.

The *New York Times* reports that nearly all the Episcopal churches in New York were decorated with flowers on Easter Sunday, and the music was of a superior character.

There is a strike among the workmen of Chicago, U.S. They demand that the working day shall be reduced to eight hours!

The Chevalier Debranz de Saldapenna has announced in the *Mémorial Diplomatique* that his connection with that journal has ceased.

A new radical paper is being established at Florence under the title of *La Riforma*. Its editor is to be the well-known deputy Signor Crispi.

The Russian journal *Moskwa*, edited by M. Aksakoff, has been suspended for three months for criticising the acts of the Government.

A great international chess tournament is to take place at the Cercle International in Paris on the 15th. It is expected that the famous American chess player, Murphy, will take part in the tournament.

The director of the Austrian Museum at the French Exhibition missed a flagon, valued at 3,000 francs, which he subsequently found lying in a glass-house in the outside grounds; three of the Austrian watchmen have been arrested.

The French Emperor drove out on Sunday with the King of Sweden, in an open carriage, through the garden of the Tuileries, and on to Vincennes. They were cheered along the route.

"The public debt of the United States," says the *Atlantic*, "less the cash in the Treasury, has been decreased during the past month by two and a half million dollars. The steamer *Union* arrived at New York on Sunday; so also did the *City of Paris*."

The *Moniteur* announces that the subscriptions to assist French workmen to visit and study the Paris Exhibition already exceed £1,000. The Society of Arts have started a subscription with one hundred guineas to assist British workmen in like manner, and ask for further subscriptions from the public.

The girl-flogging question still continues to be agitated in Massachusetts, and it has come out that 3,765 floggings were inflicted in one year upon 1,562 pupils, nearly one-half of whom were girls, in a single school district in Boston. The punishment is administered with a ferule upon the hand. The *heary gad*, at all events, has disappeared. This was a five foot sapling of a year's growth, which was used in the old-fashioned district schools, and was generally reserved by the teacher for adults of both sexes.

There is considerable excitement in Boston, Massachusetts, on account of the determination of the authorities to put the Maine law into actual operation. The State constabulary lately visited one of the largest wholesale and retail wine establishments in the city, and seized stores to the amount of from 10,000 to 15,000 dollars. The officers were booed by the large crowd which had assembled, and at one time a riot seemed inevitable. The "Sons of Temperance" have resolved to make a strong effort to induce Congress to pass a Maine Law for the city of Washington.

REFORM MEETING IN HYDE PARK.

The Reform meeting in Hyde Park on Monday evening went over without a single act of lawlessness more than might have been committed in the same place, at any other time of the year, month, or day. It is quite true that, in addition to large numbers of a class which is no doubt sensitive, as is not uncommonly the case with people who are also proud, there were many other persons within the gates who might be justly set down in the catalogue of suspicious characters, and who would have been ready, at the least hint from the actual leaders of the movement to begin a riot there and then. They were, however, disappointed of the enjoyment for which they had provided themselves by filling their pockets with stones, as other simple holiday-makers fill theirs with oranges and nuts. A few pickpockets, captured by vigilant members of Reform associations, were from time to time led off in custody to the police-station extemporised at the magazine barracks; and there was one slight accident to a lad, whose temple was cut by a flint or stick, thrown more in wanton love of mischief than with any suspicion of deliberately evil intent; but these were the sole incidents which can be cited as forming a dark corner of the generally bright picture we have now the task of describing.

In Great Cumberland-street, which avenue immediately faces the arch, van-loads of policemen stood in a long line, and the appearance of so large a force of the constabulary was not hailed with any sounds of approbation. To speak with plain frankness, the members of the metropolitan police were hissed and groaned at individually and collectively, as they entered the park or moved about therein. The "chaff" had a spice of earnestness in it, especially when it was flung at some unfortunate special constable whose white riband—too typical of the Walpolean white feather—betrayed him to the gibes of the profane.

The a peep of the main road, just outside the gates, must have contrasted strangely in the recollection of many persons, with the condition of the same spot on the occasion of those gates being closed, when it was attempted to exclude the mass congregated before them. There was hardly so close a mingling of small parties and groups as could be called a crowd, the cause of the

thinness in this part of the assemblage being that ninety-nine hundredths of the people who came thus far proceeded farther, and heaped to swell the meeting within the park boundary. It surprised all who stood and looked upon the animated but by no means threatening scene which the constantly-increasing arrivals of Reformers afforded, to witness the ostentatious parade of strength brought by the Government to menace them withal. Troops of the Royal Horse Guards clattered down Great Cumberland-street, and passed quite needlessly in view of the peaceful gathering, to the amazement of people whose opinions and sympathies may or may not have been on the side of Mr. Beales and his friends. At the magazine barracks, preparations of a stern and formidable character had been made, with as much fuss as could well be devised to set them off in the sight of her Majesty's lieges. An outwork near the barracks had been thrown up, its strength being sufficient to repel an attack of disciplined soldiers. Barricades of granite flag-stones and iron hurdles were covered in front with fascines, before which, again, were placed huge trunks of felled timber. The wood-yard adjoining the magazine barracks was filled with police and soldiers of the Household Brigade, whose pilled arms stood in the midst of a not unpicturesque imitation of a country farm. Of the civil force there are stated to have been 4,500 altogether in and about the park, 1,500 being disposed within the enclosure of the magazine barracks. And yet there was hardly a policeman to be seen in the open, where surely a little aid to the Leaguers in keeping good order might have been considered needful. The military force, hidden and displayed, was confessedly enormous; and the command of the Guards collected at the central point, fortified in the manner above described, was taken by Colonel Keppel in person. With him were several gentlemen in authority, as well as others of high rank who had come to look on. The drives were but sparsely adorned by carriages and equestrians, though there was not an entire absence of fashionable attendance. Lord Chief Justice Bovill was recognised among the horsemen who occasionally drew rein to watch the proceedings on the green. It deserves to be noticed that one breach of the park rules was committed by certain gentlemen who rode into the grass enclosure, and who, though supposed by the Leaguers to be important personages, or, in the commonly accepted idiom, "swells," could hardly have claimed that distinction. At six o'clock, or a little past, the members of the League began to fill the park, by knots or straggling companies rather than processions. One pretty large body could be seen slowly crossing in the distance from the southern entrance to a spot near the centre of the green, where the trees are most numerous and the shade most inviting. Other and smaller tributaries to the mass flowed from the north-east entrance, by which came Mr. Beales, supported on either side by The O'Donoghue and Colonel Dickson. The three, who walked almost unobserved in the park, were loudly cheered as soon as they were recognised by the throng of bystanders within the gates. As the evening advanced, it grew more and more beautiful, the new moon rising in the sky before the glow of a lovely sunset had left it. Meanwhile, the figures that broke away from the dark and dense mass surrounding the speakers of the League, and dispersed about the green, gave no signs of being disturbed in the enjoyment of a quiet ramble. It is not a little curious, indeed, that nobody seems to have thought it possible for pleasure and politics to go on at the same time in Hyde Park. Last evening, however, the unbiased judgment was impressed by the fact that, while orators were declaiming and listeners applauding the sentiments they uttered, little children were running about the grass, and weak women, unprotected by a single special constable, were breathing the calm evening air as they walked by the pleasant beds of parti-coloured tulips. And yet ball cartridges had been served out to the troops hard by, and there was a terrible show of military science over against the low-roofed brick building yonder.

The filling of the central space, chosen by the Council of the League, was an affair of time; an hour or more being occupied in the process. Nearly last to arrive was the Holborn branch, concerning whose intention to make a defiant show of their opposition to the Government some authorised statements appeared in the evening papers. It had been announced that the branch in question would, according to a resolution passed on Saturday, march into the park to the sounds of music. The Under-Secretary of the League took upon himself the office of denying the information; which was proved, however, by the result to have been perfectly correct. The Holborn branch marched in procession with a red flag on a red pole, surmounted by the red cap of liberty—which has brought so much freedom and happiness and so little despotism and bloodshed whenever it has appeared in lands from whom we now copy the discarded emblem—and with their band playing the Marseillaise; a little out of tune, perhaps, but never mind that. It is no secret that the determination of the Holborn Reformers to carry out their plan of demonstrative republicanism was obnoxious to the better counsels of the League. Incidents in proof of the perfect good feeling, the admirable temper of even the most "advanced" politicians, were not wanting; considering the extreme tenets of some among the orators, it is remarkable how moderate was the tone of every address; and it is no more than just to say that the careful avoidance of inflammatory language had its due effect in the quiet conclusion of the meeting, and the orderly clearance of the park.

There were ten different platforms in the park, from each of which two or three speakers addressed the populace, the audience round each platform ranging largely in numbers according to the popularity of its principal speakers. At each, at the close of the different speeches, the following resolution was put and unanimously carried:—"That this meeting, whilst still adhering to residential and registered manhood suffrage, protected the ballot, at the only really efficient measure of form in the representation of the people, bails with satisfaction the withdrawal last Thursday evening of Lord Grosvenor's proposed amendment and the majority of eighty-one on the same evening against the two years' residence in the Government bill; and earnestly calls upon the House of Commons to make that bill a more full and honest measure for the extension of the franchise by bringing from it the rate-paying clauses, equalising the borough and county franchises on the principle of household suffrage, and introducing a provision for giving the vote to lodgers, or else to reject that bill altogether."

The proceedings were throughout of the most orderly character, though some of the speeches were violent in tone, and contained such silly sentences as "crushing this Tory Government," &c. About 8 o'clock the speechifying of each platform was ended, and the crowd quietly dispersed. There were about 40,000 people altogether in the park.

The opening of the Camp de Chalons is fixed for the 10th instant, and the *France Centrale*, of Blois, announces that the 73rd Regiment of the Line, which is in garrison there, has received orders to proceed to the camp by railway in two columns this day and to-morrow.

OBITUARY

The death of Professor FILIPPO DE FILIPPI was reported from Hong Kong the other day. He was the son of the celebrated physician Giuseppe de Filippi, the author of the well-known work, "Scienza della Vita," which is still held in deserved esteem among medical men, and was born on the 20th of April, 1814. In his youth he studied medicine at Padua, but he soon devoted himself exclusively to the study of zoology in which he made such progress that the university authorities appointed him professor of zoology, though several years below the prescribed age. In 1848 the revolution drove him to Turin, where Charles Albert appointed him to the chair of zoology in the university, and the Academy of Sciences elected him a member. Here De Filippi wrote an immense number of essays and treatises on various subjects relating to natural history, the most celebrated of which are his work "Della Funzione riproduttiva degli Animali," and the lecture on "L'Uomo e le Scimmie" (man and monkeys). The eloquence of De Filippi's style, and the interest with which he inspired his students, obtained him the name of "the Italian Humboldt."

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